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New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2830 14 June 1985

Good employers no longer wanted

THE CABINET, we are told, has decided to bring in a Bill in the next parliamentary session that would stop 'political' advertising by local authorities. It will be the latest in the long line of measures to demonstrate the fundamentally anti-democratic face of Thatcherism in government.

The government launched its attack on the GLC, the Inner London Education Authority and the Met Counties because it found these elected and confident bastions of left-wingism to be more than it could stand. Ken Livingstone and the GLC in particular, flaunting their anti-government banner about unemployment from County Hall, just across the River Thames from the Palace of Westminster and its Members' terrace, have been a particularly red rag to the Prime Minister. No doubt the resources of Special Branch and MI5 have also been deployed to produce confidential reports that the gang on the other side of the river were positively subversive.

But then these institutions did the unforgiveable and defended themselves and did so both conventionally and with the effective weapons of modern political communication — publicity and advertising. It was not party political advertising, which may not be financed on the rates even under existing rules. It was basic political advertising of the argument that the policies being put forward by the government were wrong.

It is a basic political argument which the government has lost and which its opponents have won. The government lost because it had a bad case and put it badly. The opinion polls correctly record that majority public opinion is against what the government is ramming through by way of abolition.

Needless to say, this government's reaction is not that it should listen to the voice of the people. Instead its reaction is that it lost the argument only because the other side was able to put its case effectively and that, therefore, no local authority that might dare to resist in future should ever have the power to do so again.

But now it appears that the government is allowing its hatred of all things associated with Ken Livingstone to drive it even further. Any use by councils in future of their powers to grant contracts or their general purchasing power to discriminate positively or negatively against specific suppliers is to be stopped in the same Bill. Under questioning, the government spokesperson has confirmed that the legislation in the autumn would seek to prevent councils using their market power to encourage companies to stop racial or sexual discrimination. It has been confirmed that it is the government's complacent and quite unjustified view that these problems of discrimination are more than adequately dealt with by existing race and equal opportunity legislation.

The proposition is quite unrealistic. For years politicians of every persuasion have argued that public purchasing policy should be used much more as a flexible and effective instrument for encouraging change or improved behaviour by employers. By saying that in future local authorities should no longer be allowed to use their purchasing power to influence contractors to be good employers in the matters of sex and race discrimination, the government is in effect saying that it is not seriously concerned about these issues. ⇨

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The government's attitude here is particularly retrograde, because the GLC and other local authorities had taken the trouble to study the much more extensive United States experience in these fields and had learned lessons which were being put into practice with care. The government's attitude of indifference to sexual and racial discrimination in the workplace is all of a piece with its indifference to the use of 'sweated labour'. In 1983 it reversed a policy of over 90 years by which governments under the so-called Fair Wages Resolution had insisted that government contractors should pay their employees proper wages and give them proper holiday and other entitlements.

Market forces red in tooth and claw are the increasingly obvious basis of all of government policy. While the rich get richer (see John Rentoul on page 14), this government is increasingly determined that as little as possible should be done to help blacks, women and the low paid in the workforce. □

Sinclair's in trouble again

SIR CLIVE Sinclair has been the very model of a Thatcherite industrialist. Indeed only two years ago Mrs Thatcher knighted him in recognition of that fact. He had established an image of being exactly the kind of thrusting high tech whiz on which the Thatcherite vision for the industrial future depended.

As well as getting No.10's personal seal of approval, the energetic Sir Clive was taken up by much of the media, particularly by television, as a typical example of the successful inventor-industrialist who had turned himself into a self-made millionaire and whose views on current and public affairs and on economics and industry were, thus, of weight and interest.

But Mrs Thatcher was unwise when she embraced Sir Clive and she really ought to have been told to tread a bit more warily before she did so, for in fact the whiz's business career has been chequered to put it mildly. A merchant bank is even now trying to put together a rescue package for his home computer group, which had found it impossible to meet its creditors on time. And Sinclair companies have had a habit of collapsing before, which may partly explain why the business community (Thatcherite knighthood notwithstanding) has been so cautious in its dealings with him this time.

The plain fact, though, is that despite his image and his knighthood Sinclair has not really been an industrialist at all. He is an inventor, or at least a thinker-up, of electric and electronic products and gadgets which he launches on the public via an endlessly gullible financial and technical press.

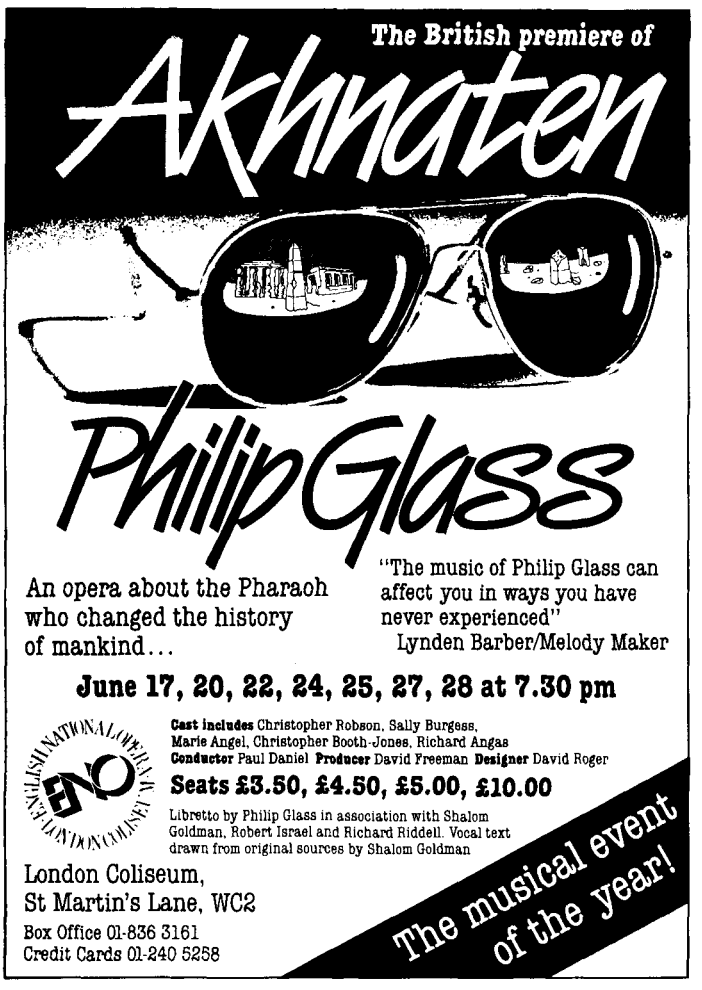
Some, like his home computer, have real merit. It was the start of the whole home computer buying revolution from which however, though he may have prospered, his company has not. Some like his latest C5 electric car are little more than expensive toys. Some, like his miniature television screen, which he actually managed somehow to launch twice, are technically cute, but hold out no promise at all of a serious market.

Even then, Sinclair has never been in the manufacturing business proper. He has arranged for his inventions to be assembled and has concentrated on the marketing, again with huge advance publicity, which has more than once created a demand in the shape of orders and payments which could not be met on time. He must be the only Thatcherite industrial knight who has been formally admonished by the Advertising Standards Authority for dishonest advertising which continued to quote delivery dates which he had no hope of meeting. All in all, one can say of Sir Clive and his high tech ventures that, if this is what the future of Thatcherite enterprise culture and personal tax incentives for entrepreneurs is supposed to be about, we have seen that future and it does not work.

Quite why the Bank of England's industrial finance division has seen it necessary to involve itself in trying to pull Sinclair's current irons out of the fire is not immediately clear. Ironically this is not the first time that there has been State intervention to try to clear up a mess left beneath this supposed bearer of the standard of free enterprise.

Last time it was the National Enterprise Board, set up by a Labour government for such purposes and since effectively neutered by the present government. In the current economic and financial climate there are more than enough other actual or potential collapses of more industrial consequence than Sinclair to keep that bit of the Bank busy 24 hours in the day.

But perhaps the message registered where it counts that a complete collapse once again of one of the supposed business elite on whom the Prime Minister had personally laid her hands would cause people here and abroad to wonder out loud whether her ideas about industrial policy added up to a row of beans. And that might not be good for confidence. □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NS in full colour

Your *New Statesman* this week, with its full colour cover, is not an act of premature midsummer madness to cheer one of the coldest Junes since records were kept. It is an experiment to see whether from your point of view as readers and from our point of view as producers of the magazine the new format and look makes sense and is worth the cost involved. The early run of pages, including Peter Kellner's column, have had to be moved from their normal positions in order to fit the slightly less flexible production schedules involved. They will be back in place next week. Meanwhile, let us know what you think of it as an experiment, addressing your letters to **Hugh Stephenson, New Statesman, Freepost, London EC1B 1EB** (no stamp required).

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ASIANS TRANSFIXED BY OLD BAILEY SPECTACLE

THE 'NEWHAM 7' TRIAL unfolding at the Old Bailey week after week is transfixing the attention of London's Asian community. Besides the alleged beating of a young Asian on trial by warders inside the courthouse itself (*NS* 31 May), the principal dreadful fascination has been in the often-confused disclosures of police conduct. AMRIT WILSON and ZUBAIDA MOTALA report

THE TRIAL of seven Asians (the 'Newham 7') and three white youths on charges including criminal damage and affray arising from incidents in the south London borough of Newham on 7 April 1984 is in its third week — with an estimated four more to go. As of writing, 20 prosecution witnesses have been on the stand.

One of the first of these, Maria Isen (*NS* 7 June), asserted that two police officers had obtained information from her as an informer in early 1984 and helped her 'rehearse' before the trial. Now one of those officers, DC Ray Wood, has stated under re-examination by prosecuting counsel Michael Kallisher that he'd never seen Isen nor heard of her before the events of 7 April 1984.

To recap those events, as outlined by Kallisher in his opening statement for the prosecution: it's alleged that fighting broke out outside a Wimpy Bar at the corner of Plashet Grove and Green St, in Newham, at 3.15 on the afternoon of 7 April last year. Soon afterwards a carload of Asians was seen driving round shouting racial abuse. A white youth (Scott Young, brother of one of the defendants now on trial), was then, it's alleged, assaulted by Asians.

Soon after, as Kallisher described it, a man and a girl went to a nearby Tesco's to buy a claw hammer. The same man with another youth then allegedly drove round the area in a silver Ford Granada assaulting Asians at random. Meanwhile some Asians driving through the area in a Mercedes were set on by a group of (white) youths allegedly from a pub, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the windows of the car were smashed. Events culminated in a fracas outside the pub between 6.30-7.00pm.

'Afternoon at pub'

Scott Young, brother of the defendant Stuart Young, has now given evidence in court. He had worked, he said, as a part-time cleaner at the Duke of Edinburgh. On 7 April he and his brother had gone there and 'stayed all afternoon'. About 3pm, he said, he went out to buy a pack of cards, and was assaulted by Asians.

He told the jury that he didn't drink. But in statements made to the police last year and disclosed to the court he was described as saying that he had 'carried on drinking as usual' before the fracas. He denied participating in an attack on Asians that evening.

Evidence has also now been given by Asians who claim they were attacked from a silver Ford Granada car between 5.00-6.00pm. Siegfried D'Souza, 19, said he was punched and kicked. Miaz Din said he and his brother-in-law were assaulted. He claimed he took refuge in a nearby house which was then attacked. Sohail Butt, 16, said he was dragged into the silver Granada, assaulted with a hammer and taken to Wanstead Flats where he was dumped in a ditch.

Arvind Chavda told the court he had seen an attack on an Asian and noted the Granada's registration number and had given it to the police when they arrived. (The prosecution said the identities of those possibly responsible for these attacks couldn't be disclosed, as they'll be the subject of a later case.)

Driver held

Ahmed Shazad, driver of the Mercedes car which the prosecution alleges was set upon by youths from the Duke of Edinburgh pub, told the court that he was arrested and kept in a cell at Forest Gate police station for four hours. Asked by defence barrister Rudy Narayan 'did you tell them you hadn't done anything wrong?' he said, 'yes, but the police said they were making enquiries.'

For the police, sergeant Leslie Jones gave evidence about the brawl outside the Duke of Edinburgh. Defence barrister Ian MacDonald suggested to him that he had eliminated white youths from his account of this fight and given a one sided and biased picture to the jury. Jones denied this. Yet if his evidence was correct, MacDonald told the jury, 'we have an army phalanx' of Asians spreading out on Green Street, whereas photographic evidence showed only 10-12 Asians. Jones said others were following up the road.

This Monday (10 June) DC Noel Bonczoszek, a plainclothes officer, said on cross-examination by Narayan that he was keeping an eye on the Wimpy Bar from an unmarked police car. Asked why on the Wimpy and not the pub, he replied that the Wimpy Bar was the focal point 'where problems emanated', while the pub 'has never been established as anything to do with incidents of hammer attacks'.

Earlier, however, the prosecution itself had said that the Duke of Edinburgh pub is regarded by Asians as a 'fount of racial hostility'.

DC Bonczoszek had taken a statement from defendant Athar Chaudhri at Forest Gate police station. Narayan suggested to him that Chaudhri was never cautioned before the interview, that the statement was obtained under pressure and parts of it were fabricated. This was denied by Bonczoszek.

The trial continues. ●

Paul Mattsson

Move along there, petal

'NEVER', said an onlooker, 'have I seen the police look more embarrassed. They were bright red in the face'. For they were arresting flowers. It was 6.30 pm Friday (7 June) in Trafalgar Square at its most crowded. City of London Anti-Apartheid Group were at it again, tangling the police in anti-apartheid protest.

City AA had placed wreaths and flowers against the iron gates of South Africa House to commemorate those who have died as a result of apartheid in South Africa and racism in Britain. Along with the flowers, printed lists of dead anti-apartheid fighters were stuck to the embassy walls.

The action was part of City AA's latest 24 hour picket of the embassy intended as a build-up to this Sunday's national AAM demonstration in London. Some 250 picketers shouted 'Shame, shame' as the flowers were taken into custody. Chief Super Little explained that embassy officials had complained and that the flowers were being removed as a 'breach of the peace and dignity of the embassy'.

The next day, as the 24 hour protest draw to a close, more wreaths were laid. They were left unmolested.

Terry O'Halloran

CND picks up a seventh major union

BRITAIN'S THIRD LARGEST trade union decided last week to affiliate to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. The decision by the General, Municipal and Boilermakers' union (GMB), which has 875,000 members, went unreported except in the Morning Star, *but is a turning point for CND.*

The GMB vote, at its congress in Blackpool, follows that of another traditionally right-wing union, the 944,000-strong engineers (AUEW) on 24 April. Now all seven of the largest unions are affiliated to CND. The main ones that aren't are the electricians' union EETPU, which remains doggedly multilateralist, and the civil service and teaching unions, which remain insistently 'non-political' (although the Inland Revenue Staff Federation is affiliated).

Both the GMB and AUEW votes went against the wishes of their executive committees. The AUEW decision can be explained by the incorporation of the Foundry and Construction sections, which were independently affiliated to CND, but the GMB decision represents a big shift since last year, when a motion to affiliate was lost. This year the motion was carried without the vote having to be counted.

CND now has 28 national unions affiliated, with a total membership of 8 million.

John Rentoul

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Wandsworth governor's notes reveal an '80s-style 'Newgate Calendar'

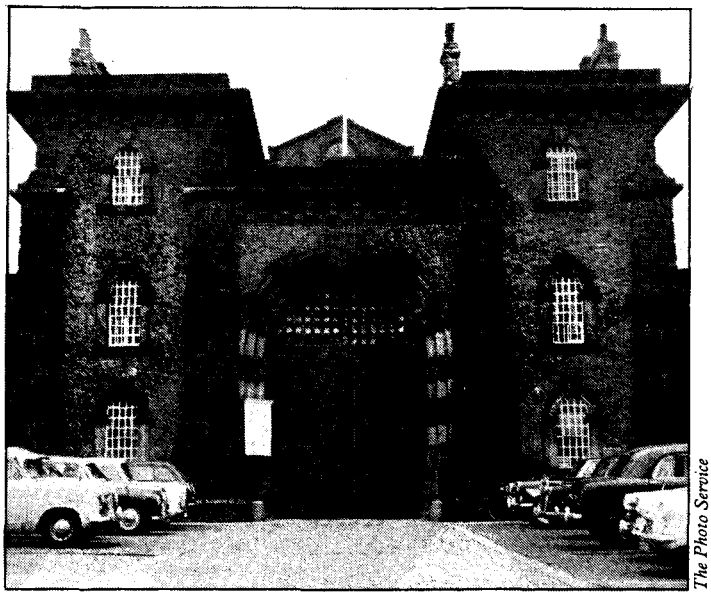
THIS WEEK a Commons order paper published a parliamentary petition from a Wandsworth inmate charging that prisoners there are treated 'worse than EEC rules for animals'. Each month Wandsworth prison governor William Guinan draws up a report of internal events. A copy of part of his notes for March 1985 has come into the hands of the *NS*. Here's the Dickensian picture:

Guinan begins, 'operationally, quite an active month'. The prisoner population in Wandsworth (already overcrowded, of course) had risen to within five persons of a newly permitted ceiling of 1,550 by the end of March.

The number of 'governor's adjudications' (disciplinary hearings in which the governor alone decides on alleged infractions of rules, and imposes punishment) rose 73 in February to 416, equalling an average of more than 13 adjudications a day.

There was, writes Guinan, 'quite an increase' in offences of disobedience and using abusive, threatening and 'improper' language; and 'a marked increase' in assaults on staff: 19 assaults on officers and two attempted assaults.

(It may be noted here, though, that black prisoner Clive Cumberbatch, charged with assault following an incident in the prison visiting room on 8 July last year — NS *14 September 1984* — *was cleared at Croydon crown court this 17 April. And some lawyers fear that the advent of legal representation at Board of Visitors adjudications, resulting in a number of acquittals, may be a factor in the increased number of adjudications falling into the governor's lap).*



The Photo Service

Gates that hide miseries Gustave Doré could have drawn in the London of the 19th century

Use of 'strong boxes'

Back to Guinan's notes: in March special cells (strong boxes) were used 15 times (4 times on one prisoner); body belts once and handcuffs once. There was one attempted suicide and one prisoner set fire to his cell. In cell searches during the month there were 17 finds of cannabis resin and two of hypodermic syringes. Ten visitors were arrested for allegedly attempting to bring in drugs. A civilian driver employed by the prison was suspended for alleged trafficking.

A bizarre revelation was the discovery of two £50 notes found hidden, not in a cell, but in a toilet roll in the officers' mess. The notes were part of a backdated pay claim paid out in March. The Office has no explanation for this discovery. By the end of the month 100 prisoners were in segregation for their own protection and 13 were in solitary confinement, nine awaiting adjudication.

Prisoners' protests

Not surprisingly, there was a protest against conditions in the prison, recorded by the governor. On 28 March Graham Little and Danny Breaks climbed to the roof of the prison's 'bathing exchange store' to draw attention to conditions. The protest lasted just under two hours and ended peacefully.

However — departing now from the Guinan account — on 4 April these two men and a third prisoner, Charlie O'Connor, were, according to information from other prisoners, assaulted in their cells. The three had begun a 'dirty protest' against the regime in the prison.

A group of prison officers described as wearing green overalls and bearing riot equipment is said to have forcibly removed them from their cells. According to the information Graham Little was beaten and dragged semi-conscious to a strong box cell. Charlie O'Connor was also beaten and taken to a strong box. Danny Breaks was heard 'crying in pain'. A prison officer was overheard telling the three men 'There is no such thing as a peaceful protest.'

The Home Office has admitted that an incident involving a 'dirty protest' took place but denies that there was any assault on the prisoners.

The Home Office has confirmed that on 28 May a black prisoner was found dead in Wandsworth prison segregation unit. The Home Office claims, 'non-attributably', that the prisoner, Eusif Ryan, died of natural causes. Prison officers, somewhat less reticent, are telling prisoners that Ryan choked in the course of an epileptic fit. Prisoners are saying that Ryan was mistreated and medically neglected and demand an inquiry into his death.

Increasing concern is being expressed by lawyers and others who deal with Wandsworth prisoners. Guinan's own notes will do nothing to allay that concern.

Terry O'Halloran

Angry environment groups consider Dounreay boycott

NEWS of the very restricted remit intended for the forthcoming public inquiry into the proposed European nuclear reprocessing plant at Dounreay on the north coast of Scotland has so alarmed anti-nuclear groups that they're now seriously considering organising a boycott.

This is one of the main courses of action to be discussed at a meeting in Gloucester this weekend (15-16 June) between representatives from most of Britain's key environmental groups.

It has become clear since the Dounreay inquiry was announced last week that the Scottish Office intends it to be a little more than an ordinary local planning inquiry. This means that its remit will not allow consideration of relevant energy or economic policy issues, or the risks of nuclear weapons proliferation. Issues such as plant safety, radioactive discharges and the transport of plutonium fuel are, however, likely to be considered.

Short sharp report

The Scottish Office privately hopes that the inquiry will start in the autumn and last 'some months rather than years'. The planning application for the £200 million plant from the UK Atomic Energy Authority and British Nuclear Fuels plc is being advertised in the Scottish press this week. Objections have to be made to the Highland Regional Council within the next three weeks.

This approach is in marked contrast to the last two major nuclear inquiries in England — the two and a quarter year Sizewell inquiry which ended in March and the 100-day Windscale inquiry in 1977. Both of these were deliberately given very wide-ranging remits by the Government.

Environmental groups, though, regard the implications of the Dounreay expansion as rather more important than either Sizewell or Windscale. It's seen as Britain's first step into the plutonium economy based on fast reactors, a radically different type of reactor from those currently in commercial use.

Funding demand

Most of the main objectors at Sizewell are now debating whether or not to participate in the Dounreay inquiry. Friends of the Earth, the Town and Country Planning Association and the Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace have all written to the government this week demanding a broader inquiry remit and requesting funds for objectors.

A decision in favour of a boycott is not one that any group will take lightly. They all believe that there's a very powerful energy, economic, and environmental case to be made against the proposed new plant — but equally they're all perennially short of resources, and many are cynical of the whole point of inquiries.

Rob Edwards

Tam Dalyell prods Rifkind

THE INDEFATIGABLE Tam Dalyell MP (Labour, Linlithgow) has taken up the cudgels once more on an issue of ministerial truthfulness. This time it concerns the case of junior Qverseas Development official Geoff Dennis.

Dalyell has written to Foreign Office minister of state Malcolm Rifkind to ask whether it's true, as the NS *asserted on 31 May, that the minister deliberately lied to Parliament about the way in which HMG was secretly blocking financial aid to Nicaragua in order to line up with Reagan Administration policy — while pretending in public that each aid request was being turned down 'on its merits'. Dalyell's letter puts eight questions which amount to this: is what the* NS *said true, or is Rifkind asking for a retraction or taking legal action against the* NS*? An answer is expected this week.* ●

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NO PAPER LEFT NOW TO COVER CPGB CRACKS

FIFTY-FIVE years after launching the *Daily Worker* the Communist Party of Great Britain (CPGB) this week lost control of the paper, re-named the *Morning Star* in the 1960s. Britain's communists are now institutionally split between party and paper. SARAH BENTON reports

OVER 5,000 shareholders in the People's Press Printing Society (PPPS), the co-op vested with ownership of the *Morning Star*, turned up last week for agms held in Glasgow, Manchester and London. By a decisive 3 to 2 majority they voted in management committee nominees chosen by the *Morning Star*, and rejected a CPGB call for a new editor and assistant editor.

The vote is the climax to years of mounting conflict over finances and, most importantly, editorial policy — reflecting the same irreconcileable political divisions splitting communist parties all over the world, between pro-Moscow 'hardliners' and 'revisionists'. In Britain the 'hardliners' have ranked themselves round the *Morning Star* while the 'Eurocommunists' have lined up with the CPGB leadership.

The split is having ramifications in the rest of the Left. NUM president Arthur Scargill walked into last week's Manchester agm of the PPPS. Called to speak by a mysterous committee, he denounced the CPGB's 'Eurocommunist' industrial organiser Peter Carter and the monthly journal *Marxism Today*, respectively for 'vilifying' the NUM leadership and 'compromising with the class enemy.' There was noticeable support for the *Morning Star* at all three agms from an array of other Labour Party and trade union members, including Ken Cameron of the Fire Brigades Union.

The fatal flaw in the CPGB's long campaign to reinforce its control over the paper is that while the *Morning Star* has been forced to look for support from outside the Communist party, the CPGB itself, despite its vaunted support of other movements and 'broad democratic alliances', has relied on arguing for its historic 'special relationship' with the paper.

Appeal for unions

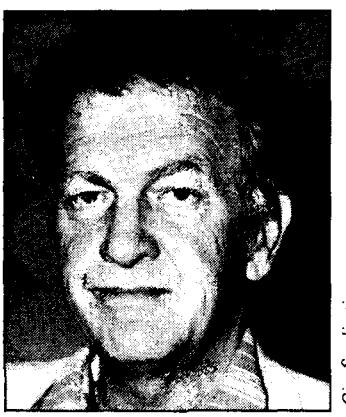
For many on the hard Left of the Labour Party and of trade unions, the *Morning Star*'s has been far the more attractive position. Unlike the CPGB, it has offered them a say in the paper while delivering up editorial copy which is largely uncritical of traditional Left trade union positions.

In a revealing comment on Sunday in Manchester the *Morning Star*'s editor, Tony Chater, attacked *Marxism Today* for criticising the miners' leadership before the NUM leaders had made their own assessment of the strike. A paper which pursues this relationship with union leaders will be much admired by them, though largely unread by the members.

The *Morning Star* has worked hard in the last few months setting up readers groups as a substitute for the party. But cementing alliances on the hard Left around the paper might founder on insuperable problems, of which the largest is the Soviet Union. The paper is financially dependent on advance payments by the USSR for the half of its circulation which goes to Eastern Europe. While the Soviet CP is happy to spend its roubles on trying to keep the CPGB on its side it might be uneasy about investing in a paper wholly dissociated from the CPGB.

And while the views of hardliners in all Left parties on 'class politics', the State, and the miners' strike are virtually indistinguishable to the outside world, the Trotskyist influenced Left is not going to swallow a diet of features on great achievements in Bulgarian agriculture and why the CPSU is now and ever has been right.

There will also be a hole in the heart of the *Morning Star*'s trade union coverage, the rationale of which has always been the promotion of CPGB policies and leaders. It will in future have to depend on the views of



City Syndication

Tough number Ken Gill of Tass

prominent hardliners like Ken Gill, general secretary of the union Tass and chairman of the PPPS management committee; but there will no no organisation to promote the views unless a section of the CPGB's industrial members become a secret caucus for that purpose.

Meanwhile, the CPGB has to decide what to do about getting a new organ. In its first session since the 'crisis congress' last month (*NS* 24 May), the newly radical executive committee meets this weekend to decide whether to abandon the *Morning Star* altogether and put its resources into developing its internal weekly, *Focus*, as a paper for public sale. ●

MISCELLANY

Wee tim'rous Gowrie

The indescribable Lord Gowrie (no, no, he's quite describable) has done it again. Two months ago (*NS* 19 April) we catalogued the shifts and turns by which the MinArt evades being on the same platform or programme as Norman Buchan, the Shadow spoke for the arts. Now it's happened at the 6th Cambridge Poetry Festival, which starts this Friday 14 June. Gowrie was down to take part in a discussion panel at the Cambridge Union on Sunday. Guess who also agreed to appear. Yes, Norman Buchan. Guess who has now withdrawn. Yes, Gowrie. All concerned with the running of the festival have no doubt that it was the news of Buchan's consent which induced the ignoble lord to take his marbles away, yet again. So, among others, Seamus Heaney from Dublin, Eve Bonnefoy from France, and John Ashbery from the States, unacknowledged legislators of the world, viz. poets, will be doing without the benefit of Britain's acknowledged legislator. If Buchan could only manage to get into the Lords, that would keep Gowrie away from that place too . . .

Collector's item

'Just thought you'd like to know' slot: Bill Budding, formerly one of the crew of nuclear sub HMS Conqueror *and the one who claims he pulled the lever which torpedoed the* Belgrano, *has run the Bower Inn in Caithness since leaving the navy. He isn't one to let his customers forget the past. A miniature torpedo graces the bar. A picture of the* Belgrano *going down decorates a wall. And for good measure he has named a room 'Sinkers'.*

'I'll huff & I'll puff . . .'

Bernard Levin said he would, we reminded him he'd said he would (*NS* 17 May), and now he has — given his account of the 'framing' (his word) of NUJ general secretary Ken Ashton. He used his column in *The Times* of 7 June for the purpose, taking the same opportunity to lobby about the elections for Ashton's successor (voting closes 24 July). Billed as an account of the 'forcing out of office' of Ken Ashton it lacked a certain miracle ingredient: evidence that Ashton's opponents had their facts wrong. It may be recalled (*NS* 8 March) that Ashton was accused of getting himself a higher pension without properly consulting the executive, and covering the matter up. Levin can only say that after two months outright dissension Ashton 'could fight no more; he gave up, accepted a settlement, and resigned'. *Times* readers heard from Levin that 'hard Left' NUJers Jake Ecclestone and Aidan White used the issue to attack Ken Ashton (aren't union politics awful?). But the manoeuvre, if such it had been, wouldn't have got anywhere if there'd been no case whatever to answer, or if NUJ moderates like BBC's Vincent Hanna and ITN's Giles Smith hadn't taken it seriously. Back to Levin. p.s. the real issue now facing NUJ members, on which the views of the eight candidates to succeed Ashton may be decisive for their chances, is new technology and relations with the NGA.

What was that again?

Saturday's Royal Festival Hall conference on racial discrimination in the legal profession showed the Law Society to be as maladroit as ever. David Jefferson of the Society's professional and public purposes

committee bewildered everybody by making a plea 'for dyslexics, another minority — I have two dyslexic children myself'. And he had this to say about ethnic monitoring, regarded by pretty well everybody as a sine qua non *for elimination of discrimination: 'To somebody of my generation it presents a great difficulty. In my formative years a great culture and civilisation in Germany dedicated itself to the destruction of another great culture and civilisation, that of the Jews. As a result of that it became morally offensive to ever consider, classify or discuss matters of race.' Since that was the point of the conference, one wonders why he bothered to turn up.*

Mesmerised by $$$

Lawson's aim was substantial cuts in the $40 billion social services budget, Fowler's to simplify and rationalise the system.

We all know about *Sunday Times* editor Andrew Neil's passion for the American economy. Isn't this, from Sunday 9 June's issue — 'week in focus' special on Fowler's social services Green Paper — getting too carried away? But now for the applause: we recently teased the *ST* for garbling the female symbol on its front page. This Sunday saw a very witty use of the correct symbol in Maggie Drummond's analysis of Fowler's impact on women.

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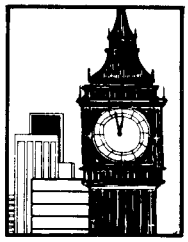

PETER KELLNER

The gospel according to Roy Hattersley

NO NEWS is good news, or so we are told. There is a socialist variant: good news is no news. Last Friday Roy Hattersley delivered a speech in Oxford which, if taken as the Labour leadership's revised definition of socialism, will have far-reaching consequences. Yet Saturday's papers scarcely reported it. Since this column, along with the *NS*'s diarist Islander, set sail a while back in an intermittent quest for the Kinnock/Hattersley vision of a socialist society, it seems only right to report here the first sightings of land.

Hattersley's speech still leaves some awkward questions unanswered. He has, however, made a significant leap in the right direction; so before tackling those questions, it is worth setting out what he said.

The title of Hattersley's speech was 'Economic Democracy'. His central point was that democracy and socialism are not merely compatible, but identical. 'Extensions of democracy are steps towards socialism', he said. At present, 'most workers possess little or no power to influence their working environment. As industry grows more complex, the democratically elected government becomes less able to influence the conduct of individual companies'. Therefore: 'the aim of the socialist party should be to build and sustain the structures for people to decide collectively for themselves'.

If that is an attack on traditional forms of capitalism, it is also an attack on traditional forms of centralised, if-it-moves-nationalise-it socialism. 'Socialists cannot rigidly advocate any single form of industrial organisation or ownership. We cannot, for instance, remain rigidly committed to old-style nationalisation — the public monopoly run as a monolithic bureaucracy from London'.

But what about Clause IV? At this point your average representative of the people's party would cough discreetly, look at his watch and say something like: 'Is that the time? I really have to go. So nice to talk; we must continue this conversation some time' — anything to avoid answering the question.

Not so with Hattersley. He addressed the point head on, disinterring a quotation from the author of Clause IV, Sidney Webb:

> This declaration of the Labour Party leaves it open to choose from time to time whatever forms of common ownership — from co-operative store to the nationalised railway — and whatever form of popular administration and control of industry — from national guilds to ministries of employment and municipal management — may *in particular cases* be appropriate. [Webb's emphasis]

Hattersley leaped at that quotation like a cat at a jug of cream: 'The author of our constitution was committed to a flexibility which has not always been evident in recent arguments about public ownership'. Hattersley then repeated a comparison first made in an *NS* editorial a few months ago: 'The miners do not feel that they have much control over the working of the Coal Board. The John Lewis Partnership is commonly assumed to be in the private sector. But the man or woman who works in one of its stores has a greater influence over the conditions of work than any miner could realistically claim'.

Hattersley proposed various ways of spreading economic democracy: removing tax disadvantages currently suffered by co-operatives, negotiating with unions how to represent the interests of workers in nationalised industries, encouraging local enterprise boards, and possibly introducing 'Swedish-style worker investment funds in which, on the basis of a levy on wages and profits, workers can build up shareholdings in companies'. The governing principle is clear: 'Extending workers' influence over their working lives is a practical necessity as well as an object of socialist principle'.

THUS THE GOSPEL according to Roy Hattersley. In one sense it could not be clearer: workers should be given the power to liberate themselves not merely from the ravenous clutches of hard-hearted capitalists, but also from the oppressive dictation of unthinking bureaucrats.

Hattersley's problem, however, is that it is far easier to set out the principles on the first point than on the second. In general, private companies operate in the market sector: they sell goods and/or services, and ultimately stand or fall by their capacity to satisfy their customers. (There is an important but subsidiary point about the efficacy of those markets: how far they are distorted by monopoly pricing, or lazy public sector purchasing, for example; at the end of the day, however, as long as there is a market of some sort, each enterprise is regulated by its performance.)

By implication, Hattersley's socialism celebrates the market, and quite right too. For the notion that economic democracy requires a denial of centralised power — whether public or private — is inseparable from the notion that a democratic socialist economy cannot be centrally *planned*. If workers are to be given the power to decide what to produce, and how, they must also accept the consequences of those decisions. And those consequences must, in some form, be determined in the market place. It is there that foresight and efficiency will be rewarded, and conservatism and indolence punished. In a planned economy, power resides with the planner rather than with the enterprise; in such a system, 'economic democracy' in Hattersley's sense would be robbed of meaning.

Indeed, part of Hattersley's case is that the market (though he does not use the word) would be *better* served by worker-power: 'I share the view of John Stuart Mill, that management of an enterprise is best left in the hands of those who have the strongest direct interest in its success. Those people are the employees of the enterprise whose livelihoods depend on its efficient viability'. How else are 'success' and 'efficient viability' to be determined than by satisfying customers — in other words, by some form of market transaction?

It is precisely because Hattersley's socialism is market-orientated that his notion of worker-democracy is so much harder to apply to the large, non-traded public sector: to the civil service and town halls, to schools and hospitals.

In theory, public service employees execute a different form of democratic decision: that determined by the ballot box and transmitted by elected councillors or MPs. If an education authority votes extra resources to books rather than teachers, it would be hard to defend as democratic a decision by a co-operative of school employees to ignore that vote and take on extra staff instead.

It might not be quite so bad if parents sided with school staff against the authority: at least the immediate 'producers' and the immediate 'consumers' of the education system would be on the same side. But as long as education is required to serve a wider public interest, it is right to limit — not to extinguish, but to limit — the powers of both staff and parents.

So can anything be done to extend significantly worker democracy to the non-traded public sector? If it is true that an enterprise does best when it is controlled by its employees, that truth presumably applies as much to public services as to private manufacturing. Yet in the absence of a market — with customers who can take their business to alternative suppliers — it is hard to see how worker-democracy can function.

My preference is for dividing public services as far as possible into self-controlled groups — of teachers, hospital cleaners, librarians, or whatever — who are contracted to provide a service and have as much freedom as possible to decide how that service should be run. But that only makes sense if 'success' and 'efficient viability' can be measured, and consumers are allowed as much choice as possible: in other words, if markets, or market analogues, are introduced.

I doubt whether that is quite what Hattersley has in mind. But whatever the final destination of the journey on which he has embarked, it looks as if we are in for an interesting if bumpy ride. □

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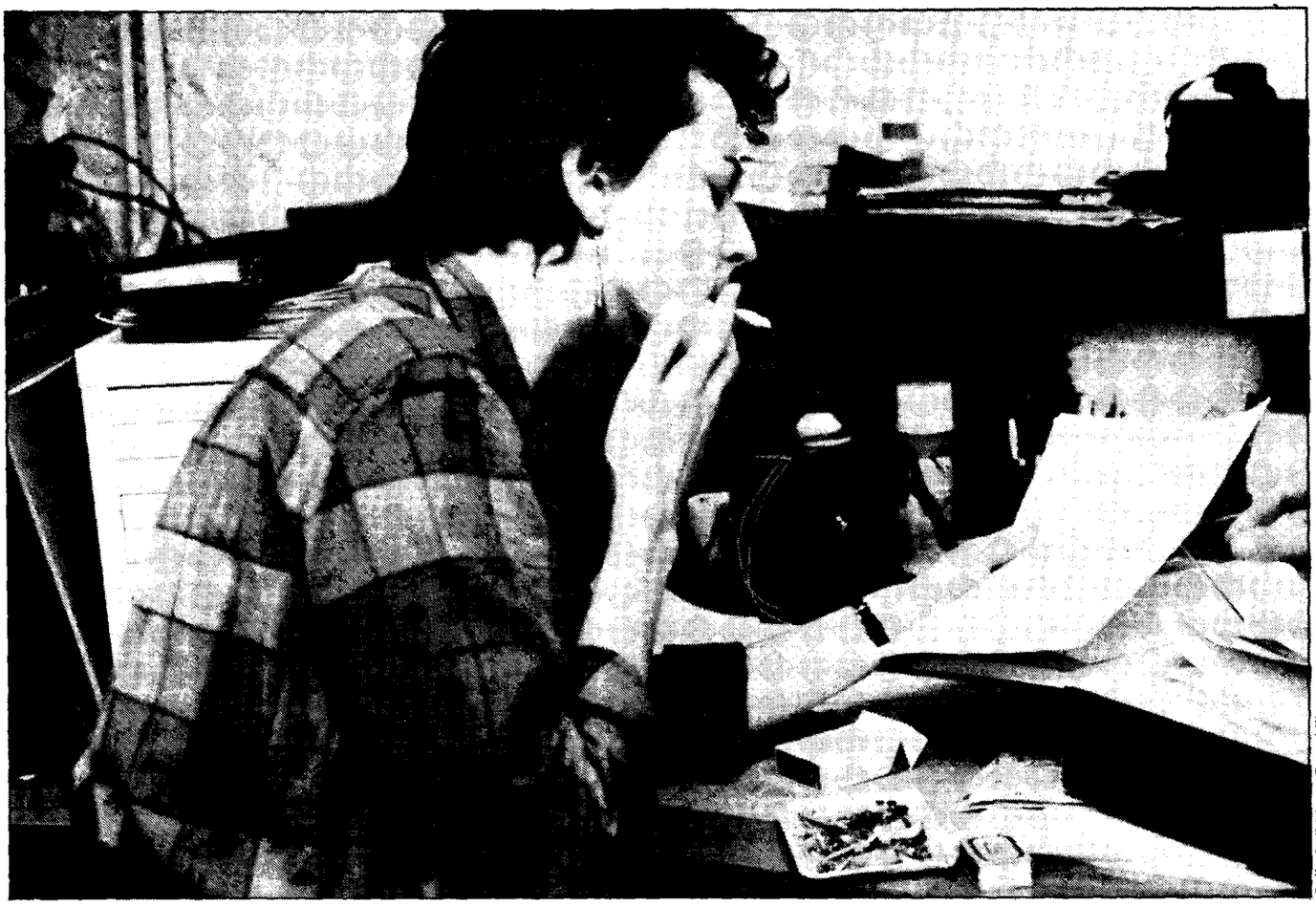

Sally & Richard Greenhill

'I DESERVE THIS CIGARETTE . . .'

More men smoke than women, but they also give up more easily. Judy Sadgrove looks at how the tobacco industry is seducing women

'I started smoking in secret when I was 17, as a gesture of rebellion against my non-smoking parents and the single-sex academic school they'd sent me to. My friends all smoked and cigarettes are forever linked in my memory with the whole social scene of standing around at parties hoping to meet a man. Smoking cigarettes made me feel tough and able to withstand the business of making myself sexually available. Without them, I think I would have run back to my parents in sheer panic.

Cigarettes then became linked with work at university and now they are a definite work prop as well as a social prop. I can't imagine writing (I'm a journalist) without smoking. But I feel that I ought to be able to do without cigarettes.

I'm an intelligent, emancipated woman and I pay great attention to diet and exercise. I managed to give up for two months last year and felt so much better — lighter, somehow. But there was still that old me that wanted to smoke, that found work impossible, and that was scared of putting on weight. I'm sure I will give up one day — maybe when I'm pregnant'. (Jo, 31)

ALL MEN IN THE UK, but particularly those in social classes 1 and 2, — professional and management — have been heeding the health messages and steadily stopping smoking. Women, on the other hand, are giving up at a disturbingly slow rate. Figures from the 1982 General Household Survey indicate that 44 per cent of all male smokers have stopped smoking while only 32 per cent of female smokers have given up. And this difference between the sexes becomes more marked with age. In its fourth report on smoking and health (1983), the Royal College of Physicians commented bleakly:

> 'Though they are as aware of the risks of smoking as men, women find it harder to stop. They make attempts to stop as often as men and try as many methods — but they consistently have lower success rates. This trend crosses every age group and occupation. Even when initial success rates are encouraging, women find it twice as difficult as men to remain committed non-smokers'.

The dangers of smoking are manifold. One in four smokers will die of a smoking-related disease. Heart disease remains the number one killer in both men and women and lung cancer has recently overtaken breast cancer as the commonest cause of death from cancer in women. Women who smoke and take the pill run about 10 times the risk of dying from cardiovascular disease as women who neither smoke nor take the pill. Smokers run the risk of decreased fertility, spontaneous abortion, low birthweight infants, and premature menopause. Absenteeism among smokers is 50 per cent higher than among non-smokers. In addition, amputations of a foot or leg in lifelong smokers are common.

Smoking is commonly believed to be harder to give up than heroin. If this is true, however, how is it that 60 per cent of smokers found it easier to give up smoking than they had expected? A survey of 4,000 people, including 2,700 smokers and 600 ex-smokers, carried out on behalf of the Department of Health and Social Security in 1983 (*Smoking Attitudes and Behaviour*) discovered that 61 per cent felt better for giving up, 25 per cent felt unchanged, 8 per cent reported mixed experiences and only 4 per cent felt worse. Many successful male ex-smokers can be heard to declare: 'I made up my mind to give up and I did — just like that!'

Why is giving up for women not so apparently straightforward? The act of continuing to smoke cigarettes is a complex

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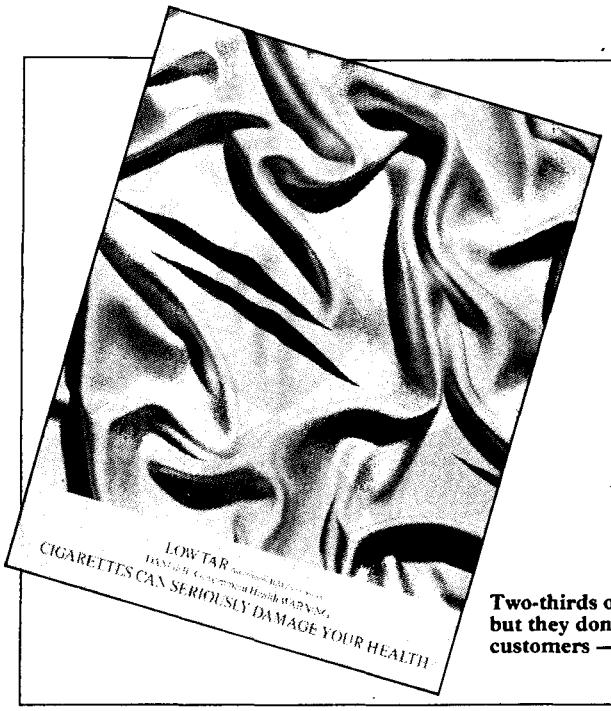

Two-thirds of Silk Cut smokers are women, but they don't want to lose their male customers — so a deliberately ambiguous ad

one, governed by nicotine addiction, factors like work, class and social status, and the subjective experience of smoking.

SMOKING IS a habit rarely practised in moderation. There are few occasional or intermittent smokers. An argument that satisfies the famous reluctance of smokers to stop, in the face of well-advertised risks to health, is that smoking is the act of continued self-administration of nicotine. Addiction theory is best advanced in a book by Heather Ashton and Rob Stepney, *Smoking: Psychology and Pharmacology* (Tavistock 1982). The authors demonstrate that cigarettes do more than avert the withdrawal symptoms of nicotine addiction. As a drug with a biphasic, or two-stage, nature, nicotine provides subtle psychological rewards: it acts as a stimulant, enhancing performance when there is nothing else to arouse you (repetitive factory work, for example); and as a tranquiliser, decreasing arousal in situations of stress (after an accident, for example). Accounts of the distressing effects of nicotine deprivation complete this picture of addiction.

The belief that nicotine addiction is at the root of cigarette smoking is an important obstacle to giving up. The idea that smoking gets you through a crisis, or aids concentration, is seductive. But the fact of the crisis, or the need for distraction (which is all a cigarette can in reality be), is not dispelled by the cigarette. You're on your own, with or without a cigarette. Nicotine itself does not enhance your powers.

Withdrawal effects of nicotine are generally reported to last no longer than a few days and involve slight sleep disturbance, occasional gastrointestinal upset, and more strongly marked mood swings. Yet many ex-smokers have noticed no effects at all.

You don't need to do new research to know that women in general and the 'lower' social classes are more likely to have dull jobs or alienating jobs or no interesting work at all, making nicotine's short-term gains more attractive to them. Men also probably have greater faith in themselves as achievers. They weigh up the pros and cons of smoking, come to a decision to stop, and then do not deviate from their chosen course of action. Any doubts or difficulties that men do experience, moreover, they may be unused, and even unable, to articulate.

The decision by a woman to stop smoking is usually clouded by lack of confidence. Addiction theory preys on women's feelings of non-achievement: they believe themselves incapable of giving up. Women tend to perceive themselves as highly stressed and are well aware of how they use cigarettes to help them cope. Any decision to stop, therefore, is ambivalent, as Jo described above. The woman does not really expect to succeed.

Paula, aged 45, works as a receptionist and is a mother of two boys. She said:

'My husband, who is a heavy smoker like me, has recently had cancer of the throat diagnosed. He hasn't given up. And I couldn't, not with him smoking in front of me. We can't really afford to smoke — we both go out to work as it is. But I couldn't take my job without cigarettes. They break up the day — that long, boring day when I sit there and have to be polite to people who aren't polite to me. I try not to smoke in front of the kids, but once I'm home and there's the meal to cook and all the other chores to get done before I can put my feet up in front of the television, I can never say no. I feel I've earned every cigarette I smoke. Without my cigarettes I honestly don't know how I'd get through the day. Anyway, if I gave up, I'd only get fat.'

Addiction theory not only dooms the fainthearted attempt to give up but also misrepresents smoking as a helpful tool that fosters emancipation rather than being a typically passive pathway to suicide. The notion of addiction might almost have been devised as a marketing strategy by the industry to keep smokers smoking. In actuality, however, the tobacco industry is more concerned to attract new smokers, that is, children and adolescents. The person who has not started smoking by the age of 21 is extremely unlikely to take up the habit. Children, like adults, claim to be uninfluenced by advertisements. And the industry declares its advertising to be aimed only at adult smokers (to influence choice). But the failure of young people to start smoking would devastate the industry within ten years.

In *Smoke Ring: The Politics of Tobacco* (Bodley Head 1984) Peter Taylor gives a detailed investigation of the transnational marketing practices of the tobacco industry. Governments around the world are reluctant to curb its activities through fear of losing massive revenue. In Britain, the industry is supposed to abide by voluntary agreements with the government limiting advertising, lowering the delivery of tar over the years, exhibiting government health warnings, and so on. It has taken the medical profession a long time to conclude that a total ban on advertising is one way of achieving a national reduction in smoking. The government has always shown where its interest lies, however, with its refusal to jettison the voluntary agreements. Nevertheless, the continued annual increase in tobacco tax does motivate smokers to give up. Indeed, financial reasons are the most commonly cited for giving up.

WOMEN TOOK up smoking in earnest in the 1939-45 war, encouraged by its glamorous image on the big screen. The industry rapidly came up with filter-tipped cigarettes in the '50s to solve the problem of tobacco flakes sticking to lipstick. In the '60s, cigarette companies introduced coupons to be saved and exchanged for consumer goods. They were clearly a way of attracting women smokers in their role as household managers. Cutprice cigarettes and own brands sold in supermarkets in the '80s are another way of attracting the cost-conscious woman on her own territory.

Once women had earning power, certain brands began to be marketed especially for the woman smoker. These brands tended to be longer length (elegant) and low tar (milder and safer). Relatively few men smoked, for instance, menthol cigarettes. Silk Cut cigarettes are now the fourth most popular cigarettes in the UK (1 = Benson and Hedges, 2 = John Player Special, and 3 = Embassy Regal according to industry figures) but Gallagher tends to muffle the fact that two-thirds of Silk Cut smokers are female for fears of killing the male market.

Sponsorship of sports and arts is one way round the voluntary limits on advertising, providing valuable advertising time on television and lending the industry spurious respectability. Sports sponsorship has men as its usual target — and its effectiveness on boys has been satisfactorily proven. In the case of Kim cigarettes, which are aimed primarily at women, tennis had to be the chosen sport. Millions of televisions viewers watched Martina Navratilova win the women's singles at Wimbledon in 1982 dressed in clothes bearing the name and colours of Kim. Complaints that year resulted only in Martina winning the next wearing the Kim colours although the name itself had been dropped.

Clearly women have provided the tobacco companies with one of their most important new markets in the last five decades and are now 'targetted' for growth by the industry. Dr Bobby Jacobson, now research fellow in health promotion at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, was one of the first women to discuss in 1981 why smoking was a feminist issue (*The Ladykillers*, Pluto Press). With Dr Amanda Amos, senior scientific

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officer in Hampstead's department of community medicine and health education, Dr Jacobson has produced a booklet (*Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*) for the British Medical Association, chronicling the tobacco industry's advertising grip on women's magazines.

Of 53 magazines, read by half of all British women, two thirds (including several with a predominantly young readership) accept cigarette advertising. The report suggests that at least one million non-smoking women in the vulnerable age group 15-24 are exposed to these advertisements flagrantly in breach of government policy, which precludes advertisements in any publication directed at young people. In addition, those magazines most dependent on revenue from the industry are least likely to give major editorial coverage to smoking and health. ASH (Action on Smoking and Health) waged a campaign in the UK to introduce a femininity clause into the voluntary code: just as advertisements should not insinuate to young people that smoking implied masculinity, courage, daring, so they should not imply feminine allure and sophistication. The success of this campaign led to the eventual withdrawal of the first advertisement for Kim cigarettes.

MARY IS A nurse, aged 25, who describes her smoking habit thus:

'I was the oldest of six children — the rest are all boys. My mothers used to share her cigarettes with me after we'd both prepared the family meal and cleared up afterwards. My father was never very interested in me. I became severely anorexic at school and began to smoke heavily. I don't believe that I have a food problem any more, though I could do with losing some weight, but I find my work totally draining, both physically and emotionally, and my relationship is on the rocks. Cigarettes keep everything ticking over as best as possible. I'm sure if I ever tried to give up smoking my eating would immediately get out of control.'

The idea that smoking keeps you thin grew out of an advertisement back in the '20s: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet!' ran the copy — a promotion that attracted female smokers so successfully that it made Lucky Strikes the brand leaders in the United States. The myth lingered on to become a reality.

Women 'know' that if they stop smoking they will put on weight — knowledge borne out by those evocative packs of Virginia Slims and Embassy Lights — and they are simply not willing to risk it. A morbid fear of putting on weight, expressed by every one of the women, prevents many normal and overweight women from even trying to stop smoking. Actual evidence of permanent weight gain is far from clear cut. For a start, only in middle to old age are smokers lighter than non-smokers. Orthodox smoking advice, however, does warn of possible temporary weight gains of 2-3 kilos, believed to disappear in 6-12 months. (Celery and carrots are suggested for compensatory oral gratification.)

Anne is a teacher, aged 30, who was so horrified by what appeared to be totally chaotic substitute eating, that she reverted to smoking, half a stone heavier, 6 months later:

'I didn't feel a glow of satisfaction when I gave up. I felt terribly, terribly deprived. And I ate about three bars of chocolate a day to make up for this deprivation. I couldn't stop eating, generally, without that cigarette that had always marked the end of a meal. I got so fat that none of my clothes fitted and I became terribly depressed. In the end I had the occasional cigarette to avoid eating chocolate and was soon back where I started.'

A way of understanding the tyranny of this fear of fatness (common to non-smokers as well of smokers, of course) comes from Dr Alan Marsh of the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys, who co-authored the DHSS survey. Dr Marsh emphasises that smoking is almost always taken up before the age of 21. The biphasic action of nicotine might be used by the teenage smoker (whose parents and peer group also, normally, smoke) to control the violent mood swings of adolescence. The smoker then attributes developing control and understanding of emotions to cigarettes.

The teenage girl, subject to new and painful uncertainty about her attractiveness and rapidly expanding body, attributes the natural settling of her weight to control over her eating by cigarettes. In other words, smokers are trapped in their adolescence and fail to recognise that coping mechanisms develop as a result of maturity, not cigarettes.

Women, therefore, are trapped in their habit by a belief that they are addicted to nicotine; by the actuality of existing in an economic system geared to encourage smoking; and by the individual experience of growing up that determines the perceived benefits of smoking. Women who do succeed in giving up for their own sake, often do so in indirect response to someone else — the unborn baby she may wish to nourish or the lover she may wish to attract. The habitual nurturing of others (nurses are professional nurturers, have little control over their work, and have notoriously low rates of smoking cessation) may result in the misguided perception of smoking as self-nurture. The inhalation of smoke is a private business permitting a sense of respite from boss or children.

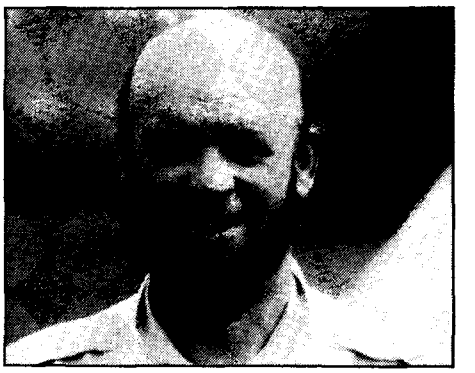
Women are aware of the health hazards of smoking, feel guilty about their smoking, and tend to smoke lower tar cigarettes. They respond in vast numbers to mass media offers of cessation aids and more women than men attend stop-smoking clinics. All of which suggests that women lack confidence in their ability to give up permanently. Indeed, only in youth (while they are still strong?) are they more successful in their attempts to give up than men, before they have come to define themselves as smokers. The belief that cigarettes are a crutch plays into women's experiences of inadequacy. Cigarettes, however, have no special power, except the power to maim. They do not maximise personal power but remove it to make you a pawn of the industry.

Women fear that giving up smoking will leave them empty, desolate, crippled, and so they continue to smoke. In reality it is not such a difficult achievement. You make a logical decision to stop and act on it. Most successful ex-smokers stop on their own and have tried unsuccessfully to do so in the past at least once. In other words, never stop trying. □

Judy Sadgrove is the Assistant Editor of The Lancet.

CND

MUSIC DOWN ON THE FARM



Michael Eavis (above) had the idea that became a major festival. Angela Wigglesworth tells the story of Glastonbury

TURN DOWN A narrow lane off the road between Glastonbury and Shepton Mallet and you come to Worthy Farm, the home of Michael and Jean Eavis in the village of Pilton. For most of the year this peaceful valley is shared by the cows and the families who farm it. But for three days in June over 40,000 people from all over the country, and many parts of the

THIS WEEK IN THE TES...

Art is dead. Long live the arts

Bryan Appleyard on the latest twist in the evolution of subsidised culture

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Nicholas de Jongh on theatre history, Philippa Ingram on girlhood in the Fifties, and Jonathan Mirsky on political education in China.

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world too, come to take part in the Glastonbury CND Festival, now one of the largest musical events in Europe.

It all began in 1970 when Michael, the fifth generation of his family to live here, decided to hold a folk festival. 'We had this beautiful 160 acre farm with its great potential for an outdoor music event,' he said. 'It was the time when Bob Dylan and Lonnie Donegan were bringing a new moral standard into music. They were taking over from the church and the establishment and all the things that were bad and wrong in society were coming out in the music and words of those superstars.'

Only about 2,000 people came to the first festival. It was on 19 September, the day Jimmy Hendrix died. One person who did come was Arabella Churchill, Winston Churchill's grand-daughter and she brought her friends back with her when she returned for the following year's 'Free Festival', organised by Andrew Kerr and so-called because the rich were supposed to pay the bills. 'In fact Arabella paid most of them', said Michael. 'She was 21 at the time and said she'd rather do that than buy a Rolls-Royce.' She and Andrew Kerr have been involved with the Festival ever since.

In 1981 with the annual attendance figures coming up to 20,000 Michael felt he had to justify the disruption the festival was imposing on his family and the village itself. He telephoned CND, offered it as a fund-raising event and, not surprisingly, was welcomed with open arms. He won't reveal the amount of money he's raised for them since, but agrees it runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds.

A year after the link-up with CND, the future of the festival suddenly hung in the balance when a new law, the Night Assemblies Bill, made it compulsory to have a local authority licence for open air gatherings that went on through the night. And with the licence came conditions. The Mendip District Council decided Michael had broken five of these and took him to court. Astonishingly, he won the case.

BUT THE TORY-ruled council weren't giving up so easily. Last year a special Festival Sub-committee recommended another prosecution, claiming 21 conditions had been breached. 'Again we had more people than we should have done, but the police chief said so many were wandering about we should take them in. The other offences included things like fire extinguishers in the wrong place and no emergency exit notices in the theatre.'

Before the matter was referred back to the full council for a decision, Michael went round to see its leader, a retired naval commander. Michael himself had been in the Navy for five years when he left school, and they talked ships before getting to the heart of the matter. 'I think he respected the fact that I'd been battling away and had now got my act together, and that the Festival was a successful operation. It doesn't draw on the rates and does generate a lot of local work. The Shepton Mallet supermarket took £70,000 in the Festival week-end last year.'

At the full council meeting, the Commander let all the other councillors have their say. Then he stood up and said that although he couldn't agree with CND or say that the festival was terrific, he felt it wasn't such a bad thing. The council voted 20 to 4 against prosecuting.

Now for six months of the year Michael milks his cows morning and evening and spends the rest of the day planning the festival from the farmhouse kitchen. It's here that budgets are discussed, stallholders booked, improvements planned. This year there will be more space for campers for he's renting another 100 acres from neighbouring farmers who are only too glad of the money to compensate for the loss they're making on milk production. And there's the booking of the entertainers.

Altogether about 100 bands and solo artists will be appearing this year, ranging from a village folk club in the Acoustics Marquee to star performers on the main 50ft. high pyramid stage. There's contemporary theatre, cinema, cabaret, a Childrens' World area, and the Green Field, a quiet place with solar heated shower and sauna.

There is a £400,000 budget; 1,000 people are employed, with labour costs mounting to about £25,000; 50 doctors are on continuous duty over the three days, giving their services free. A gallon of calomine lotion is dabbed on a non-ending queue of sunburn sufferers by one person working full time. And when it's all over, 200 rubbish-pickers stay on site for three weeks to clear up at a cost of £100,000. You can't sweep fields, so everything has to be picked up by hand. Broken bead necklaces cause problems when they get into cows' stomachs.

Michael admits the festival is a strain on the family, particularly on his wife Jean. Their five children, ages ranging from 5 to 23, love it, he says, and without Juliet the eldest, the whole thing might never have happened. 'I'd get all the knobs pulled out for the first festival and suddenly I got scared and felt I should stick to the cows. But Juliet, who was about 8 at the time, said "You can't do that, Daddy, you'll look such a fool" and that was it'.

He set up the festival as a limited company in 1982 and now runs it with a team of helpers on 'an arrangement of trust' between himself and CND. 'When they don't want all the money we've made, I invest it and when we get a request for, say, £25,000 we just send it off. If I was thoroughly wicked I could go to the Bahamas and spend the lot.' He receives no payment for organising the event, but takes £5000 to compensate for the loss of two months' production on the land.

Why does he spend six months of the year organising the event? 'It's a challenge, I suppose and gives me a sense of achievement. And makes an exciting sideline to the farm. When I feel worried about it, I always think at the end of the day, it's for the peace movement and that justifies it. One does care about the world as a whole, not just one's own patch. We *are* threatened and one can't forget it especially with young children. I think it is was they who got me into CND in the first place. And it's why women are so strong on the ground. They are more passionate, more earthy, with a less academic approach than men, and that's the one that counts.' □

The Glastonbury CND Festival will be held 21-23 June at Worthy Farm, Pilton. Among those taking part will be Joe Crocker, Ian Drury and the Blockheads, Echo and the Bunnymen, Style Council, Aswad, King, Robin Williamson, The Boomtown Rats and Alexei Sayle.

PARLIAMENT

DEAR NEIL, NOW IS THE TIME TO TALK, LOVE DAVID

It is Thursday 19 September 1987. Mrs Thatcher has just called the general election. David Steel takes the initiative in writing to Neil Kinnock. A copy of his letter has come into the hands of the New Statesman

19th September 1987
Private & Confidential

Dear Neil,

You may remember the occasion in May 1985 when Peter Kellner composed a mock letter from you to me in the *New Statesman*. He had imagined a post-election correspondence at a time when the Alliance held the balance in Parliament with a small wedge of MPs. Incidentally he conveniently underestimated our likely representation, awarding us 36 Alliance seats, at a time when Dr Reece of Bristol University was giving us 253 seats on our poll rating and even Peter Jay's *Week in Politics* made it 82.

I was amused at the time by a neat journalistic trick in the Jeffrey Archer school of political journalism yet here I am two years later at the beginning of the general election campaign sitting down to write to you. A case of Nature imitating Art perhaps!

What an extraordinary two years we have had since then. I never though we should see the Tory Party arguing in public about its policies and leadership. No doubt the Alliance by-election victories have shaken their nerves but T.B.W. must be quite relieved to get out of Number 10 and on to the hustings.

You must have been abit rattled yourself, not just because of the by-elections and last May's council elections, but by the membership of those unions refusing to go on paying Labour's bills. At least you have had the comfort of seeing Ken Livingstone finally elected as Treasurer. His financial acumen is just what you need in your present predicament.

Well, enough of these courtesies and down to business. I am writing to you in the lull before the storm of electioneering because I believe Britain faces an entirely new political, and constitutional, situation which we party leaders must come to terms with.

Gallup this morning showed that we are all three running neck-and-neck with 33 per cent of the voting intentions each. No doubt tomorrow Kellner and the rest of the calculator-crowd will be telling us what it means in terms of seats won.

Thanks to our bizarre voting system, the predictions may be more optimistic for you than for us. I shouldn't get too cocky though. We generally pick up strength during the campaign as people realise we are very much in

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City Syndication

After the iron lady, Steel hopes to be more in fashion

contention as a strong alternative. Perhaps getting our fair share of radio and television time has something to do with that.

We started the 1979 campaign at 8 per cent in Gallup and reached 14 per cent by polling day and in 1983 we went up from 17 per cent to 26 per cent during the campaign. On that basis, starting from today's 33 per cent, we could quite easily poll over 40 per cent in four weeks time and win an overall parliamentary majority. As I have been trying to get over to you and Mrs Thatcher for years the electoral system is like a two-edged sword, and it may have reached the point where it is about to start cutting the other way, into your representation rather than ours.

Conceivably perhaps you or the Tories may pick up support during this campaign. The safest assumption all round is that none of us will win an overall majority. Hence this letter.

I think you will have to agree that I have given rather more thought over the years to what a balanced Parliament means in terms of government formation and national policy than you or the lady. To be fair, I have felt once or twice that you personally would have liked to explore the subject properly, but I suppose your party chairman Dennis Skinner and the rest of the gang made it difficult for you to be as broad-minded as you might like.

Like you, we are fighting to win but let me make it crystal clear that, if the Alliance has not achieved an overall majority in the House of Commons when the polls close, we stand ready to negotiate with you and/or the Tories to provide good government for Britain. That readiness is there whether we come first, second or third in terms of seats won. What about you? I would write in similar terms to the Tories but I do not know who in these circumstances would become their leader.

(Incidentally I have sometimes had the impression over the last few years that you have been trying to drive a wedge between David Owen and myself. I am sorry to disappoint you but when I say 'we' I mean the Alliance. Liberals and Social Democrats will stand together indivisibly as one force in this campaign and in the next parliament.)

I AM FRANKLY astounded that you and Roy Hattersley, like the Tories, are not readier to accept the voters' verdict. Naturally if you could win a majority of the country for fundamental socialism, you would be morally and politically right to implement your programme lock, stock and barrel. But you know better than anyone that there is no chance of that happening. The long-term decline in the Labour vote from 49 per cent in 1945 to 28 per cent in 1983 indicates that you have not persuaded the British people to run up the Red Flag and adopt State Socialism. Quite the reverse.

My own perception is that after eight years of Thatcherism the country is tired of fundamentalist ideology, of Right or Left. We need economic reconstruction, industrial partnership, political reform and social justice. Won't you and Labour join in and help?

To achieve a programme of renewal, as far ranging in its practical and psychological effects as Roosevelt's New Deal, there will have to be a willingness both to experiment and to engage as many of our people as possible in changing their lives, their work places, their communities and their country. Dogma won't help.

Please think carefully whether you want to fight this election as the prisoner of dogma: unwilling to admit virtue in the ideas of the great majority of the electorate who do not support you; indiferent to the need to find a new consensus to unite a divided nation; and refusing in advance to reach agreement with those who are ready to seek out the common ground.

In particular ponder again on the absurd idea that if, by any chance, you become the largest minority you can prepare a socialist programme without consultation, present it to us on a 'take it or leave it' basis and then, when we reject it as we shall, ask for a dissolution and another election. Neither common sense nor constitutional precedent are with you.

Labour's future may depend on your response for I do not believe the electorate will deal kindly with party chauvinists in the coming weeks. As North Sea oil runs down, the emerging crisis demands more from all of us than trying to grab power on minority support. We would certainly oppose any government programme, however selectively constructed (as you suggest) which failed to provide the essential assurance of a stable parliamentary majority and reasonable longevity — both of which I believe are essential to any prospect of industrial recovery for Britain. We need to muster a new majority behind the common-sense case of getting Britain back to work. I am prepared for the Alliance to do that. Can you say the same for Labour?

See you at the three-way debate with Mrs T. Please think over what I have said.

Yours aye,
David

The Future of Social Security starts here

Norman Fowler's plans for the shake-up of social security will be experienced by millions of people as a dramatic shake-down in their living standards.

But, says the Minister, don't protest now, wait until you've seen the details – in 1987!

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LOOPHOLE FOR THE OVERPAID

The rich have prospered under six years of Conservative government, but much of their income is concealed by complex perks. John Rentoul exposes share option schemes and a little-known tax device which subsidises them

THE RICH GOT RICHER over the last six years, and that's official. According to Employment Department figures, the top tenth of male earners increased their earnings by 15 per cent more than the average. But in fact the rich got much richer than those statistics show.

The Department's definition of 'earnings' is very narrow. For one thing, it takes no account of tax changes. In 1979 the top rate of income tax was cut from 83 per cent to 60 per cent, boosting the pay actually *received* by 46 per cent for someone then on a salary of £50,000, over and above any increase in salary.

But for the top one per cent (those earning £34,000 plus) such an everyday way of getting paid as 'salary' is only part of a whole range of wheezes for channelling money from the corporate to the personal pile. The Employment Department statistics don't count perks (even where the Inland Revenue does), like low-interest loans, company cars, houses or flats, company contributions to pensions, or the profit on share option schemes.

For company directors, pension schemes (or 'deferred pay' as it's sometimes known) can be worth more than they get in 'remuneration', as salary tends to be called when it becomes embarrassingly large — other euphemisms are 'compensation' and 'emoluments'.

The average 'remuneration' of ICI's eight executive directors, for example, is £204,000 each, while ICI's total contributions to their pensions (divided up between them) came to £359,000 *each* last year. ICI's ordinary pensioners — that is, the retired workforce — have been less lucky. Between 1979 and 1982 their pensions rose by 2-5 percentage points less than the rate of inflation, because of the company's 'difficulties'. They have not caught up now the company is making £1-billion-a-year profits. (ICI ordinary pension increases are decided by the directors.)

But the really exciting way for company directors to get their hands on a lot of money without anybody noticing is share option schemes. Of course, every now and then some envy-motivated troublemaker does some sums and the whole world knows all about it. In January Sir Michael Edwardes was shamed by the 'telephone numbers' generated by his share options in Dunlop into dropping the scheme in haste.

This was an unusual case, because a takeover bid was launched just after the rescue package, of which the share options scheme was a part, was unveiled. The bid made Dunlop shares shoot up, showing a gain for Edwardes of £1,300,000. So in three days the South African industrial troubleshooter made the sort of profit he was hoping to cream off after three years' hard work turning the ailing company around.

But the terms of share option schemes are rarely so public. Share options have the advantage, from the point of view of their beneficiaries, of being very complicated. Some companies provide enough information in their annual accounts to work out the *possible* profit each director can make. Most don't. And no information at all is provided about senior employees who aren't directors.

SO WHAT ARE SHARE OPTIONS? They're a bit like the bargain of 'cigarettes at pre-budget prices'. Instead of cigarettes, a company offers its own shares to employees at out-of-date prices. Usually, the share price has been going up, so employees can sell them again straight away and cash in on their profit. If the share price has gone down, they won't buy them at the old price, and don't lose anything.

The company signs a deal, usually only with its senior executives, saying they can buy a certain number of shares at *today's* prices at any time between, say, three and seven years from now.

To take a relatively simple example: Dick Giordano (famous recipient of the highest salary paid by a British company — £771,600) was granted 400,000 options by the company BOC (formerly British Oxygen) in 1982, at a price of £2 a share. He can 'exercise' his options between 1986 and 1989, but BOC shares are already trading at around £3 a share. So on paper Giordano has already made a profit of £1 a share, or £400,000. By next year the share

UPP

John Moore, Minister for the Rich, envisaged in his 'I have a dream' speech a 'people's capital market'

Millionaire share option schemes

Director	Company	Potential profit on share options[A]	
1. Glen Renfrew	Reuters managing director	£5,932,703	
2. John Beckett	Woolworth chairperson	£3,098,331	
3. Victor Monk	Charterhouse (Woolworth options[B])	£2,444,285	
4. Michael Nelson	Reuters deputy md	£1,952,535	
5. Brian Hellings	Hanson Trust	£1,513,725	
6. Lord Hanson	Hanson Trust chairperson	£1,073,693	plus £833,294[C] from options exercised in 1984
7. Eric Parker	Trafalgar House chief exec	£991,146[D]	plus £339,680 from options exercised on 9 October 1984

A Potential gain from share options is calculated using the share price at its 1985 high; directors will only cash them in when the shares are doing well. All information is based on most recent annual accounts. Some directors may have exercised some or all of their options since the date of those accounts. In some cases directors cannot exercise their options for up to three years.

B Merchant bank Charterhouse Japhet 'led' a shareholder buyout of Woolworths from its US parent, installing new management; Monk was the Charterhouse director responsible for organising the shakeup.

C Assumes options were exercised at the share price peak.

D Parker had 204,012 options granted under the 'tax efficient' Finance Act 1984 scheme; the total shows the benefit to him as if it were paid in taxed salary.

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price may well be even higher.

BOC doesn't exactly publish this information on the front page of its accounts, but it's all there if you know where to look. Other companies are less forthcoming, saying for example that 'options have been granted at prices between 77½p and 476p' (Sainsbury's), which makes it a matter of intelligent guesswork as to how much cash directors hope to extract from the scheme. We have done our best, and have come up with a 'league table' of potential millionaires (see box p.14).

The top four places are occupied by the beneficiaries of Reuters and Woolworth options. Next comes Brian Hellings, a 49-year-old chartered accountant living in New Jersey, USA, and a director of Hanson Trust. (His boss, Lord Hanson, would have had more, but he cashed in some of his options last year.) Hanson Trust is a transatlantic conglomerate which specialises in taking over 'sleepy' companies and 'waking up' their managers. Its British possessions include London Brick, Ever Ready batteries and Allders stores.

It is also a highly political company (£50,000 to the Conservatives last year). Lord H. praises the 'rolling back of corporate socialism in this country' in his chairperson's report. Its statutory accounts are deliberately uninformative, made more confusing by the failure to adjust certain figures for the effects of scrip issues (the process of splitting, in this case, two shares into three, allegedly to reduce the price for 'ease of trading').

HANSON DIRECTOR responsible for public relations, Martin Taylor, whose own options are probably worth over £600,000, explained why the accounts didn't reveal the prices of each director's options. Not one of Hanson's 55,000 shareholders had ever questioned the share option scheme, he said. The company was not accountable to anyone but 'the shareholders and customers'. The dividend was up 50 per cent last year.

There's another reason why share options are all the rage. While the *total* tax burden has gone up from 32 to 38 per cent (as a proportion of GNP, 1979-82), the government is anxious to reduce the 'burden' on the very rich. So last year it cut the tax on the profit from share option schemes from 60 per cent to 30 per cent. This special concession nearly doubles the 'take-home' value of share options, but the government also changed the tax rules on share options, taxing the profit as capital gain rather than income. This apparently esoteric change allows executives to 'index' their profit against inflation, which can reduce the tax bill to nil.

The tax change was introduced in a flurry of rhetoric about a 'nation of shareholders'. John Moore, a junior minister at the Treasury, spoke of what had once seemed an 'impossible dream' of a 'people's capital market' becoming a reality. Mrs Thatcher enthused on television about the need to create an 'enterprise culture. . .by having tax incentives, by having share option schemes. . .'

But where's the enterprise in a no-risk chance of a windfall if there's a sudden rise in the stock market? As John Moore's predecessor at the Treasury, Nicholas Ridley, said when he explained why the government *wouldn't* be giving in to pressure to introduce tax concessions on share options in January 1983: 'There is a clear unfairness about schemes which can bring large benefits to the lucky few selected by the Chairman, in which others in the same enterprise cannot participate. And

Some tax changes since 1979

1979 Income tax reduced on higher incomes (*average* rate on salary of £50,000 cut from 63% to 46%).
1980 Capital Transfer Tax (death duties) on amounts below £50,000 abolished.
1982 Business Start-Up Scheme (now Business Expansion Scheme): up to £40,000 can be invested every year tax free (for top-rate taxpayers it means they invest £16,000 and the Inland Revenue gives back £24,000).
1982 unemployment benefit became taxable.
1982 Capital Gains Tax exemption raised to £5,000 (from £1,000 in 1979), introduction of 'indexation', meaning that gains are not taxed until they exceed inflation (ie gains are 'indexed' against the Retail Price Index) from March 1982.
1984 CTT Rates above 60% (ie 65%, 70% and 75%) abolished: worth £184,500 on estates of £2 million, although there aren't many of them.
1984 Abolition of investment income surcharge (levied at extra 15% on 'unearned' income such as dividends): worth £1.05 million to Tiny Rowland, Lonrho's chief executive, alone.
1985 Capital Gains Tax indexation allowed over periods of less than 12 months.

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furthermore it is a one-way bet!' Not one of the 1,000 schemes registered for tax relief with the Inland Revenue since last August applies to all of a company's employees.

ALL THE SAME, the government's aversion to tax exemptions was overcome by a fierce attack on its record on share ownership from the Conservative right wing. The government has been lambasted for 'not doing enough' to promote a 'share-owning democracy' by the Wider Share Ownership Council, whose chair, the Rt Hon Sir Edward du Cann MP, has a few share options in Lonrho himself (potentially worth about £131,901 to supplement his £60,000 salary).

And at last year's Tory party conference Ferdinand Mount, a former prime ministerial adviser, bit the hand the fed him:

> One of the most spectacular failures of modern Conservative governments is wider share ownership. Indeed, if there had been a Narrower Share Ownership Council, it would have had more to boast about.

But in practice, it's not a question of promoting share ownership. The tax concession on share options merely provides the rich with another way of avoiding tax. If we take a notional example, based on ICI boss John Harvey-Jones, we can see that the rich already pay surprisingly little in tax.

Harvey-Jones's total earnings from one year's work are in the region of £790,000. To his salary (£287,261) should be added his ICI share dividends (£3,000), the profit on share options exercised in the year (up to £117,300), ICI's contribution to his pension (over £360,000) and his fees as a non-executive director of Grand Metropolitan (at least £10,000), Reed International and Carrington Viyella.

Allowing a notional figure for the amount of tax he will pay on his pension when he gets it (30 per cent), the total amount of tax he need pay on the whole package is only 41 per cent, so he 'takes home' about half a million pounds. This is because he need not pay any tax at all on about £50,000 of his direct income — to the married man's allowance (£3,155 last year) and relief on his mortgage interest (£4,200 at 14 per cent) should be added the £40,000 he could invest tax-free in the Business Expansion Scheme. He need only start paying the current *top* rate of income tax, 60 per cent, on income over about £90,000, depending on how much he transfers under covenant to trusts and minors.

The new tax rules would have saved him about £40,000 when he cashed in some of his share options, reducing his average tax rate to 37 per cent.

Compare this with the *Daily Telegraph*'s leader last November defending overpaid directors by asserting that 'up to three-quarters of their incomes pass directly to the Inland Revenue'. This calculation was based on the top rate of income tax (60 per cent) plus the investment income surcharge (15 per cent), which was never levied on salaries, and which had anyway been abolished by Chancellor Nigel Lawson seven months earlier. If Martin Taylor really believes Hanson Trust is only accountable to its shareholders and customers, then he shouldn't be asking the taxpayer to subsidise his share option scheme — and certainly not without revealing how much it's worth. □

SEXUAL POLITICS

UPROAR OVER VIOLENT IMAGES

Can adults freely consent to sexual submission? London's lesbian/gay movement can't agree, reports Anna Durell

BITTER WORDS and heated accusations dominated a meeting of the lesbian and gay movement last Sunday. The conflict was over sado-masochism — SM — and 300 members of London's Lesbian and Gay Centre had to decide whether or not groups which 'advocate or support sado-masochism' should be allowed to use the Centre, opened in Smithfield earlier this year. The debate which was formally over membership policy, hinged on whether the presence of SM groups would effectively exclude many of the Centre's members who think SM should have no place in their lives.

Six weeks earlier an Emergency General Meeting called to discuss proposed bans on various groups was rendered unconstitutional by administrative problems over the issuing of membership cards and notice of meeting, and ended in a bitter shouting match. Tension last Sunday was so acute that one group's efforts to lighten the atmosphere by offering round champagne and cucumber sandwiches nearly went awry; at the pop of the champagne cork, shocked sections of the audience looked around to see who had been shot.

The whole affair was a sad exercise in the politics of powerlessness, with conflicting blocks of sincere, and normally sophisticated, politicians reduced to barracking and bitter procedural manoeuvres by the limitations of space, finance and legal niceties.

The meeting had been moved to the Conway Hall because the Centre itself is too small. Without its GLC grant, the Centre is losing nearly £2,000 per week: 25 per cent of its minimum required running costs. In order to qualify for that grant, it was set up as a limited company — whose traditionally bureaucratic Articles of Association turn out to vest nearly all decisions of any importance in the Management Committee. As a result, nearly all the motions tabled for debate, most of them aimed at producing some kind of compromise that would limit unacceptable behaviour by individuals within the Centre without imposing a wholesale ban on groups, could not constitutionally be decided by that meeting of members.

Since the Centre is too small to provide for everyone, and too ill-equipped to compete with the commercial male gay clubs, its survival depends on finding a compromise acceptable to the minorities within the minority. It was for them that the idea was conceived in the first place; for the lesbian mothers, the elderly, the under-eighteens, racial minorities and those with disabilities who are often actively discouraged by, if not actually barred from, a commercial scene which is predominantly male, white, conservative and macho.

It is this conflict between real powerlessness and the privileges of relative freedom that lies at the core of the debate about sado-masochism. SM as an acknowledged sexual practice (rather than the unthinking exploitation endemic in many personal relationships, hetero- or homosexual) involves the mutually-agreed acting out of fantasies of dominance and subordination. It can range from the sort of dressing up for a bit of literal slap and tickle that millions of couples go in for and barely think it worth writing to *Forum* about, through to whipping, minor mutilation or the full-dress re-enactment of scenes drawn from real oppression: white master-black slave, rapist-victim, Nazi-Jew.

IT WAS THOSE unappealing aspects of the 'SM cult' that sparked vehement opposition from feminists. Defenders of sado-masochism pointed out that these extreme images are mostly drawn from American publications and that most of the English 'SM Support Groups' oppose explicitly Fascist, racist or sexist imagery. However, by now 'SM' has become a metaphor; on the one hand, for everything that feminists mistrust about 'male' sexuality — its aggression, its spurious separation of the genital from the emotional and intellectual aspects of relationships; and on the other, a metaphor for

Sally & Richard Greenhill

Chains and pins: mere fashion clichés in the street

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individual freedom and the transcendence of taboos.

The SM groups' defence, and the nub of the problem, is that power is inherent in all relationships. They claim that by acknowledging their own use of it, confronting their own and their partner's fantasies, and exploring the precise boundaries between consent and exploitation, they are dealing with the issues that the wider culture leaves untouched. A significant body of feminists claim that, far from confronting the issues, by faking real dangers in the safe environment of the bedroom SM merely trivialises them.

Images of sexual and military violence are the trivia of the music, film and video industries. Studded 'slave' collars, chains and noses pierced by safety-pins are mere fashion clichés in London's Camden and on the Kings Road. White working-class youngsters can adopt shaven heads and Doc Martins without making a connection with the terrorisation of Bengalis by British Movement skinheads. And many people can playfully wear the trappings of bondage and fantasise about sexual humiliation without making any connections with colonial exploitation, slavery, actual rape or torture.

With the honourable exception of Channel 4's 'Right of Reply', The Lesbian and Gay Centre is about the only place where those who wear or use the symbols and imagery of power have to confront those who are offended by them. While many of those who are offended have not been victims of sadism, a significant number of women claim, with some justice, that as Jews, Blacks, or the survivors of sexual or physical abuse in childhood or a previous relationship, they simply feel unable to use the Centre if they have to encounter the dress and insignia of their historical oppressors.

IT IS A real political tragedy that the constraints of Centre meetings and a long history of exclusion and trivialisation of women's issues has forced the debate past any point of communication. The opponents of SM have now defined it as violence. On the basis of the more bizarre brutalisations described in some literature, they deny that anyone can validly consent to subordination. Therefore SM is the practice of violence on a partner too weak, too besotted or too neurotic to resist, and therefore any group attempting to legitimise or even tolerate SM practices is committed to the ideology of racism and Fascism.

Against this, the strongest card of the SM supporters, well in the traditions of the women's movement and Gay Liberation Front, is that this view of SM is a travesty of their own personal experience. It is simply an open question whether the thoughtful practice of fantasies of domination and submission in the bedroom makes an individual more or less likely to abuse power elsewhere. It is certainly proved that banning groups and attacking their sexual behaviour neither abolishes them nor motivates them to change.

With its own power restricted to simply deciding whether to ban or not to ban, Sunday's meeting decided against a ban, a vote carried by a third of the women and about three-fifths of the men. Inevitably, it ended in uproar, with two-thirds of the women present demanding a return of their membership fees and calling for an occupation of the Centre. □

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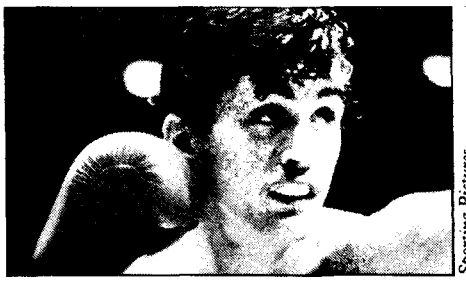
BARRY THE BRIT

He's a champ for all and a money-spinner for a few. Tom McGurk reports on Barry McGuigan's (pic below) circus



Sporting Pictures

AT THE morning-after press conference in the Holiday Inn on Sunday, the Fleet Street hacks were looking a lot less healthy after a night on Barney Eastwood's champagne than Barry McGuigan, who had just gone 15 brutal rounds with Eusebio Pedroza. The initial enthusiasm of the press conference began to drift into banality until some bright light asked McGuigan 'Did he have any political ambitions? Since he had now united Northern Ireland in the ring could he not do it in politics after he had retired?

The question was as daft as is much of what McGuigan has had to face this week and it got a suitably astonished response from him, but at least it did serve to highlight the helter-skelter direction the McGuigan media-circus is now taking.

On the night before the fight, McGuigan had a special televised visit from the N.I. Secretary of State, Douglas Hurd, to wish him well. Since Stormont Castle policy is greatly concerned about creating the appearances of normality again in the North, Mr Hurd's visit was not without some forethought. Within hours of his victory, McGuigan was phoned by Garret Fitzgerald — and later by President Ronald Reagan — a privilege usually reserved for American astronauts as they circle the globe. Clearly everyone was in the hem-touching business, but for purposes not quite clear.

Then on Monday, McGuigan drew bigger crowds to Belfast City Hall than ever even Ian Paisley could do in his 'another-political-crisis' days. Inside Belfast City Hall, the outbreaks of pugilism that have marred N.I. Council meetings over the last two weeks were suspended as all sides lined up to meet the World Featherweight Champion. Even Councillor George Seawright, whose recent remarks that 'all Catholics should be incinerated' brought him before the courts, was there to shake the famous Catholic fist. (At last week's meeting the City Fathers had appointed Seawright to the N.I. Fire Authority.)

All that hectic day McGuigan had been accompanied by the familiar balding figure of his manager Barney (better known as B.J.) Eastwood. As B.J. surveyed the milling throng he must have reflected that the hype he had built around McGuigan had succeeded beyond even his impressive dreams. Four years previously, when Eastwood signed-up this brilliant amateur, he not only got a Catholic from the Irish Republic, but even more, a boxer from a Republican border-town called Clones, a place better known to the tabloid readers as 'bandit country'.

EASTWOOD HIMSELF began life in a Catholic ghetto in Cookstown, Co. Tyrone during the last war. By his own hand, he has risen from being a shop-boy in his mother's hardware store to being one of Ireland's richest men. To-day, he's a multi-millionaire with extensive strings of betting shops, pubs, amusement arcades, property developments, a Rolls Royce, a private plane, and a £300,000 mansion at Cultra outside Belfast, full of his passion for antique French furniture and carriage clocks. The Unionist establishment had always had a calvinistic dislike of the working-class vices of drinking and gambling, and consequently they were the only ones of the few furrows left for the entrepreneurial Catholic to follow.

Over the years as unemployment figures in N.I. outpaced anything else in the UK, Eastwood's coffers must have got as much of the social security money as either the corner-grocer or the rent-man. Recently he said 'When Barry fights the whole town goes broke for a few weeks to buy tickets'. Barney would know. At times too he showed considerable courage when he defied IRA collection visits to his premises, at times his life was in danger.

By the time he had signed up McGuigan, cynics said that Eastwood's business interests had now grown so widely across both

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Protestant and Catholic communities that Barry's image would have to be handled with great skill. The green shorts that were the hallmark of generations of Irish boxers were replaced by neutral colours, he took out British citizenship and the blue peace flag followed him into the ring. At Loftus Road on Saturday night, McGuigan's former citizens in the Irish Republic in Clones had barely come to terms with the shock of the 'Queen' being played before the assuaging tones of 'Danny Boy' were ringing out.

Not since the Peace People had Fleet Street served with such dedication to duty in the Belfast Europa hotel. 'McGuigan the Good' said the *Daily Mail* . . . 'Let Barry do the fighting' became the catchphrase. 'The only man to unite N.I.' said the *Daily Star*. The fact that Irish champions fighting at the Ulster Hall had always received huge non-sectarian support in working-class Belfast, or the fact that boxing was and still is a non-sectarian sport in N.Ireland was never mentioned.

In advance of the Pedroza fight, McGuigan had been sold exclusively to the *Daily Star*. (The less generous among his Irish fans remembered that this was the paper that led a boycott of Irish goods in Britain after the Lord Mountbatten murder.) Journalists who have asked direct questions about the financial relationship of Eastwood to McGuigan have got short shrift; currently two Irish journalists are persona non grata at McGuigan press conferences. As Barney was explaining exclusively this week to the *Star* that 'I haven't made a penny out of managing McGuigan' the *Daily Mirror* was quoting the boxer himself as 'I am broke, I owe money to the bank, my Dad, my manager and my brother Dermot . . .' In the same series of *Star* articles McGuigan had seemed to attribute the infamous 'pitch-fork murders' in Fermanagh in the early 70s to the IRA. (In fact two British serving soldiers were later convicted for the murders.)

Last week *Republican News* called McGuigan 'Barry the Brit' and the spiteful graffitti along the Falls Road read 'Oh Barry boy, the pounds, the pounds are calling' Already the inherent dangers in the hype that Eastwood has encouraged were beginning to show.

This week, Ferdi Pateco, one of the handlers who turned Mohammed Ali into a 30 million dollar corporation, commented 'McGuigan can be as big in the fight game as Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard. He has charm, he's a great battler and even more important he's white. And if all that weren't enough, he's also Irish. Can you imagine the reception he would get in New York or Boston?'

In all of this it is important to state that Barry McGuigan is probably an innocent abroad. There's a genuine sincerity about him that no hype could manufacture. But somehow, as he sets off in the footsteps of the legendary Heavyweight Champion, John L. Sullivan who captivated 20 million Irish emigrants at the turn of the century in the USA, I suspect that the Irish bar patrons of the Bronx and Queen's not to mention Madison Square Garden will expect and will probably get this astounding young boxing talent in the 'greenest' of boxing shorts. BJ may just leave 'Young Barry's' peace-flag at home. As he said at Sunday's press conference: 'Barry taught me all I know about boxing, I haven't taught him all I know about money.' □

Swashbucklers buckle at Tory press

Paul Foot

SOMEONE SHOULD produce a Guide to Reading Newspapers, which would include a complete list of Proprietors' Interests. Since the Return of the Proprietors, it's almost impossible to read anything in the papers nowadays without realising halfway through that the Proprietor has a stake in it.

Nowhere is this more obvious than in the papers' coverage of television. *All* the proprietors have interests in commercial television, and all are deeply hostile to the BBC. Rupert Murdoch, who fancies himself as Mr Television of the World, has personally ordered a sustained attack on the BBC and all its people. In the van of this campaign is the *News of the World*. Every week in April, for instance, there was some new 'revelation' about the expenses of BBC people which were reaching 'scandal' proportions — that is, about half the level enjoyed by executives at the *News of the World*.

During the recent tour of the Prince and Princess, *News of the World* journalists were instructed to send full reports of the eating and drinking habits of fellow journalists on the BBC. One brave woman reporter refused, on the grounds that this was not her job. A *News of the World* executive rang from London to remonstrate with her, only to find, halfway through his lecture on 'loyalty', that he had been put through by mistake to Kate Adey of the BBC.

It used to be a socialist rule that the British ruling class controls ITV by ordinary commercial pressures and the BBC by extraordinary bureaucracy, reinforced with spies. The balance now is swinging against the BBC, because even in the bureaucracy, even among spies, there are still some old fogies who can't bring themselves to tell lies, and others who stick to outdated notions like Being Fair to Both Sides.

This consistently infuriates the Ruling Party. They will forget the outrage during the Falklands War when some otherwise dependable fellow and really quite senior BBC chap was heard to say out loud that an Argentinian widow might weep for her dead husband almost as much as a British widow would. If an *executive* of the BBC could indulge in such shameless and probably treasonable race-mixing, was there not something seriously wrong with the bureaucracy which is meant to exercise the 'right sort of control'?

Every day, Ministers are reminded of this menace. James Naughtie reported in the *Guardian* in March that Nigel Lawson regards the BBC's *Today* programme — that's the one hosted by 'Red' Timpson and Redhead — as 'an opposition programme'. Indeed, he told us, *Today* even irritates the Prime Minister 'as she potters about before breakfast'. This old-fashioned namby-pamby business of reporting facts, and questioning Ministerial assertions knows no bounds.

Modern, up-to-the-minute news selection, news management and grovelling to the rich and mighty, which has caught on so electrically in Fleet Street since Rupert Murdoch introduced it, is having far too little influence in the BBC. Drastic solutions are called for.

Mrs Thatcher appointed as chair of the BBC's Board of Governors a Tory Accountant with a reputation as a tough financial manager. Then she appointed his brother to the Cabinet. Even this didn't work. The Accountant started to show dangerous symptoms of the Fair Play disease. More changes were necessary. Out goes the director general's deputy, fuddy-duddy Colonel Alan Protheroe (he who is nostalgic enough to imagine that when a Royal Princess goes on television, her words are for the whole nation, not just for the shareholders of Aitken Hume).

In comes *another accountant*, with an appropriate name (Checkland) and (according to Murdoch's *Times* of 7 June) 'a reputation as a tough financial manager'.

The combined onslaught of the government and its press has quickly broken the BBC's resistance. Last October, when the campaign started, the BBC's Director General, Alasdair Milne, wrote a wonderful article for the *Daily Express*, in which he tore to shreds some puny propaganda against an increase in the TV licence fee. Milne produced the remarkable fact that the BBC (with two channels broadcasting every day of the year) costs £46 per person a year, while the *Daily Express* (which doesn't publish on Sundays, Good Friday or Christmas Day) costs £55 per year. 'Why is the *Daily Express* so expensive?' he asked cheekily (and got no proper reply).

This sort of swashbuckling resistance to the press attacks is on the wane. Mr Milne's tone is now more circumspect. All the appointments and sackings of the last few months have been dominated by his new cry: 'Go For the Ratings!' He and his Two Accountants will play the wolves in Fleet Street and commercial television at their own game. Inevitably, they will lose. Unless unions, viewers and listeners join in the fight, public service broadcasting (which even in its most bureaucratic and classified form *is* worth defending against commercialism) is on the way out. □

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DIARY

Alison Hennegan

Cambridge

I'd never shot anyone before but that day I'd had enough so I did. Even deep in the friendly bowels of our biggest bookshop we weren't safe from the deafening racket crashing in off the street. Blaring at full blast, for a good ten minutes, was the radio of a car (parked, as I shortly discovered, on double yellow lines. And was there a traffic warden in sight? Quite.). 'I do hate', said the shop assistant, with concentrated bitterness, 'people who decide *for* you that you're going to share their music with them. And,' she added, in sudden fury, 'I'm *trapped* here all day and can't get away from them.' I, however, could go *to* them. Or him, as it turned out. With all windows down and sun-roof open, he sat in the passenger's seat staring vacantly ahead, the mind behind the eyes presumably long since blasted out of existence by the din he drowned us in. I tried diplomacy, but he spoke no English. So I began a spirited *Commedia dell'arte* mime, pointing agitatedly at the radio, clapping my hands over my ears and shaking my head frenziedly from side to side as one in acute aural distress. No good — and deeply humiliating when I took my hands away and caught the comments of passersby whose command of English was fluent and hurtful.

So, in desperation and self-defence, I shot him. Memories of Cowboys and Indians surged up from childhood as my first and second fingers formed the barrel of the gun which I held to his head. With appropriate sound effects (usually and anaemically written as 'Pow!' but more accurately transcribed as 'Pewwwwhhh!' and delivered with plosive menace), I put one bullet through him and one through the radio. He looked startled but after a moment the slow light of intelligence began to gleam fitfully in his, as it were, dead eyes and he switched the radio off.

○

At the time I felt triumphant but later I was assailed by two conflicting thoughts. First, what a blessing for us all that I don't live in the United States where the law would allow me access to weapons more powerful than two fingers and a talent for mimicry. And, second, why don't scientists ever do anything *useful*? I don't ask much. All I want is my own personalised ray gun, something simple, pocket-sized and cheap. One quick, dematerialising blast and away would go the mindlessly noisy, the casual callers of sexual insults, queue-jumpers, litter louts, assorted loud-voiced chauvinists and all the others who send my blood pressure rocketing in this small market town which also just happens to be England's third most popular tourist resort and simply isn't big enough to hold us all comfortably in the irritably overcrowded, hot summer months.

Offenders would find themselves rematerialised back in the rooms where they'd begun their day. Puzzled, a trifle shaken but basically undaunted, they'd set out again, ghetto-blasters blaring, elbows at the ready, 'Cor, wouldn't mind getting between *those* thighs!' forming on their lips — and back they'd be once more behind the front-door. Eventually, after the fifth, twelfth, twentieth unscheduled return-to-base, surely even the most hardened recidivist would get the simple Pavlovian point?

○

But later that day the comic possibilities of violence, whether Street Theatre or science fiction fantasy, palled before the news of the Liverpool-Juventus riots. I reminded myself, naturally, that popular sport has always been violent; that mediaeval football regularly killed players as well as spectators (was, indeed, hazy about the distinction); that violence has often been the defining characteristic of sport, as in gladiatorial combat and the carnival junketings that surrounded public executions. In short, for a brief hundred years, somewhere between the middle of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, a series of historical accidents produced a fragile and culturally specific concept of Sportsmanship which has been clearly dying ever since. Yet somehow that Olympian historical perspective wasn't as consoling as it might have been, so I turned instead to J. F. D. Shrewsbury's classic (and paradoxically less depressing) *History of Bubonic Plague in the British Isles*: many more deaths but far less malevolence.

ROGER WODDIS

Don't ask me

Mrs Thatcher told David Frost in her TV-am interview that if unemployment was still over three million by the next general election, 'we would have to explain why we have not been able to overcome it.'

I find your question quite improper,
But if by then we've come a cropper,
Why, I shall simply tell a whopper
They're sure to swallow whole.
Although it's fun to run the nation,
I hope they'll buy my explanation
That jobs, like galloping inflation,
Are outside my control.

There are so many worldwide factors —
The glut of glue, the price of tractors,
The threat from foreign chiropractors —
That may defeat our plan.
Investment's low, we'd like to raise it,
But though I'd be the first to praise it,
It won't avoid — how do you phrase it? —
The shit that hits the fan.

Things may be worse by '87;
I hope to lead the first eleven,
But if I'm out, at least, thank heaven,
You're free to make a choice.
The purpose of the modern age is
To cut our costs by easy stages,
Then when we're down to coolie wages,
My cry will be, 'Rejoice!'

○

On the morning of the day before I wrote this, one of the least malevolent of men died. Oswell Blakeston, whom I inherited as a *Gay News* book reviewer in the days when I was too callow and ignorant to realize what I'd got, could have written one of the most illuminating first-hand accounts of gay literary and artistic life over the past century. He consistently refused to do so: always open about his own homosexuality, he was scrupulous in preserving the confidences and secrets of those more fearful than himself. He packed several working lives into a 60-year span — painter, novelist, film-maker, screenplay-writer, poet, travel-writer and journalist. With Bryher and H. D., who became lifelong friends, he helped create *Close Up* in the Twenties, the first publication — and, according to Eisenstein, the best — which treated film as art. (Eisenstein, in confidential mood, once told him that the celebrated collages of *Battleship Potemkin* owed nothing to Art and everything to the fact that noone had taught him to match shots.) Himself a maker of surreal films, he also wrote screenplays for British 'B' movies during the Thirties. His 1946 book on Portugal was the first to depict our oldest ally, 'land of wine and flowers', as a dictatorship where dissidence met with 'disappearance' and sudden death. The commissioning publisher refused it.

For over 50 years he wrote for *Tribune* and published a glittering handful of novels which defy categorization. Publishers and literary editors, giving up the struggle, usually called them detective stories and as such Francis Iles, Maurice Richardson and H.R.F. Keating lavished well deserved praise upon them. Even so, they rarely sold more than 3,000 copies and Hutchinson eventually dropped him.

Panicking as I slightly am at the imminent prospect of explaining to a Bristol audience what 'relevance' I think my writing has 'for the gay community', I find myself remembering his words at tea a few weeks ago: 'I think if you try to do something as well as you can and it amuses someone or gives them pleasure, that's a worthwhile thing to do. What do *you* think, Alison?' I think it is, and he did it.

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WHITE 'N BLACK SPLIT ON GAMES

Paul Martin looks at the threat to the next two Commonwealth Games as white players refuse to shun South Africa and the British government sits on the fence

THE INSISTENCE of British and New Zealand rugby teams on continuing to play with South Africa is threatening to split the 1986 Commonwealth Games. Last week's planning meeting for the Games, to be held in Edinburgh, was marked by a row over sport and apartheid, with the lines being drawn, predictably, between the 'Old' and the 'New' Commonwealth — or more bluntly, the white and black nations.

The leading African delegate, Chief Abraham Ordia of Nigeria, refused to give an assurance that the African states would take part. The flamboyant 'Chief' has led the African sports drive against apartheid for years and played a leading role in the last-minute African withdrawal from the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal.

What the Chief actually threatened in Edinburgh last week is not entirely clear. Never once did he use the term 'boycott', but he warned that African states 'reserve the right to take whatever action is appropriate' if and when the New Zealand All Blacks rugby team tours South Africa, in less than two months time. Those moves could include a move to ban New Zealand from the 1986 Commonwealth Games, or even an African 'withdrawal'.

The very vagueness of the threat has produced more consternation in Edinburgh than a direct threat of boycott would have done. The Commonwealth Games organisers are having enough difficulty as it is in attracting sponsors to cover the £12 million cost, without having these uncertainties hanging over them. Ironically, if the Africans pulled out now the organising committee would heave a sigh of relief. They would have fewer accommodation problems and, more significantly, the Games could be 'sold' to sponsors as still a superb spectacle and significantly weakened only in middle- and long-distance men's track events, and boxing. Sponsors however shy away from political controversy and acrimony, especially as these appear likely to run right till the Opening Ceremony if not beyond.

Behind the Chief's pronouncements, however, a clear message comes across. The All Black tour will *not* of itself precipitate an immediate crisis, though it will have long-term effects. No doubt the Africans will make some moves to expel New Zealand from the Edinburgh Games — but that would probably be no more than a token gesture. Unless, that is, the British Lions rugby team also tours South Africa next year. *That* would really throw a spanner in the works. For the British Lions to tour would need the approval of all four of rugby's 'Home Unions', and the Africans would find themselves deeply embarrassed to be competing against sports teams and athletes from Scotland, England, Wales and Northern Ireland, only weeks after these countries had been entertained by the Springboks.

AP

Chief Ordia: Nigeria's delegate is aiming for the 'big fish'

The Africans are not keen on provoking a Commonwealth split over the issue. And they themselves are divided on tactics with moderate nations like Gambia trying to avert a confrontation. They are well aware of the damage done to their athletes as a result of the Montreal row, though publicly they say no sacrifice is too great in the struggle against apartheid.

But the point is fast approaching where the Africans will feel compelled to act or be accused of empty threats. According to Sam Ramsamy, chair of the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee, the African nations feel they've been 'taken for a ride' three times in the last few years, with the 1981 Springbok tour to New Zealand, the 1984 England rugby tour to South Africa, and now the 1985 All Black tour to South Africa. If the Lions go too, then, says Mr Ramsamy, 'There is already a feeling that the Gleneagles agreement and the Commonwealth Games Code of Conduct should be thrown into the River Thames.' He argues that the Africans have kept to their side of the bargain (no more boycotts) while Britain and New Zealand have failed to 'discourage' sporting links with South Africa. The Lions tour would prove to the Africans, he says, that the agreements 'are not worth the paper they're written on'.

BUT EVEN IF the 1986 Commonwealth Games are not disrupted the future of these

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Games, and indeed of the Commonwealth itself, remains in the balance. The Africans have already threatened that if the New Zealand All Black tour goes ahead — and it very likely will, despite David Lange's stated distaste for it — the 1990 Commonwealth Games are, in Chief Ordia's words, a 'non-starter'. These Games were allocated last year to Auckland, New Zealand. Not only would African states decline invitations to them, Chief Ordia told the *NS*, but they would mount a full-scale campaign to take the Games away from Auckland. They would probably find support for their campaign among New Zealand's Maori population which is increasingly organised and angry, plus the white anti-apartheid activists who joined in the huge demonstrations against the Springbok tour four years ago.

A move to change the venue would indeed be a blow to Commonwealth unity, and even to the survival of the Commonwealth. It would be unprecedented in Commonwealth Games history, and the battle lines on the issue would be drawn almost certainly between white and black nations. New Zealand's 1990 Games committee chair, Mr Joe McManeman, says his country will resist such a move bitterly. 'We will not be intimidated,' he told me. 'The Games will go on, if all 58 attend or just 12. And they have no right to threaten to take the games away from us. It's the 150th anniversary of New Zealand's founding, and we will have Games here in 1990, whether they are the Commonwealth Games or not.' The implied threat is to run a rival Games, inviting teams from the United States, the USSR, Western and Eastern Europe and Asia, in addition to any Commonwealth states who choose to stick with New Zealand.

But even if this is more of a pipedream than reality, the Africans could find themselves facing an enraged Old Commonwealth. The move to take the Games away from Auckland would most likely be made at the 1986 meeting in Edinburgh. At last week's meeting, Canada's Commonwealth Games representative warned, after he heard Chief Ordia, that the Africans would face a severe backlash if they disrupted the Commonwealth Games movement. And Australia's delegate spoke up on New Zealand's behalf, despite Australia having already cut its cricket and rugby links with South Africa.

And it's by no means clear that the Africans could count on the Caribbean states, let alone some Asian Commonwealth countries, to support a change in venue. Even the Africans are not united on such a move. The Gambian representative adamantly denied the Africans had already decided collectively on either a 1990 boycott or a change of venue — a statement made in flat contradiction of Chief Ordia. The New Zealanders believe, if they can stall a confrontation over the issue, pressure will be taken off them, especially if and when the 1987 Springbok rugby tour to New Zealand is (as is almost certain) cancelled.

THE AFRICANS meanwhile are waiting to see just how firmly the British government opposes the Lions tour. They are already angry that so little pressure has been exerted so far. Imagine their irritation, then, when they discovered that Sports Minister Neil MacFarlane had played a round of golf with the South African Open Champion, Gavin Levenson, at Europe's biggest Pro-Celebrity tournament in Hertfordshire earlier this month. Leaving aside the organisers' dubious judgment as to who qualifies as a celebrity, Mr MacFarlane showed no qualms about the nationality of his playing partner, oblivious of or unconcerned about the repercussions.

Far from repentant, he issued a statement saying he has played with South Africans in celebrity golf events before — and cricket matches too. He 'fully intends to continue to take part in such charity events if and when invited to do so.' Seemingly Chief Ordia regarded it as a 'very bad example indeed' for the British Lions, and felt it illustrated that British support for the Gleneagles agreement was no more than lip-service. 'Who do they think they are fooling?' he retorted. 'We are not children!'.

Shadow Sports Minister Denis Howell has written demanding an explanation and expressing fears over the ramifications for the Lions tour and the Commonwealth Games. But as Chief Ordia told me: 'MacFarlane is a small fish. We are aiming to catch the big fish.' The Big Fish for the Africans is the Commonwealth Games 1990. The Commonwealth Secretary General, Sir Sony Ramphal, and his adjutant Chief Anyuklo, have already started diplomatic activity in an effort to defuse the issue and so protect the so-called 'Friendly Games' as well as the Commonwealth itself. □

APARTHEID 2

SA FORCED TO GO SOFTER ON MASS REMOVALS

Phillip van Niekerk on (cosmetic?) effects of world pressure

Johannesburg

AFTER MORE THAN two decades in which an estimated three-and-a-half million black people were forcibly moved and resettled to suit the apartheid master plan, the South African government is going softer on forced removals.

Dr Gerrit Viljoen, the Minister of Co-operation and Development, the department controlling black affairs, has temporarily suspended forced removals pending a review of the whole policy. He conceded that overseas pressure, particularly from the US and Western Europe, has played a major role in the government's decision. Viljoen was in London last week to attend a 'private' business conference on investment in South Africa. It has been reported in South Africa that he met Malcolm Rifkind and discussed the issue of removals though the Foreign Office denies this.

While the announcement has been greeted with scepticism, there have been no 'black spot' removals in recent months, though several communities are still under threat of resettlement. More than any other facet of apartheid, forced removals of settled black communities has been viewed with repugnance internationally, and equated with Nazism.

The removal which caught the eye of the international media, and ensured that the political price for the government of future forced relocation would be high, was that of Mogopa. In February last year, government officials backed by police surrounded the farm of Mogopa in the dead of the night, declared it an 'operational' area, and shipped the resisting people to the resettlement camp of Pachsdraai in removal trucks.

The forced removal of the people from their ancestral home came after months of 'persuasive' pressure had been applied to get them to move voluntarily — by smashing down their schools and clinics. The community bitterly resisted the removal, which was ordered because they were 'badly situated', that is, a pocket of black-owned land amid a sea of white farms, away from their designated homeland of Bophuthatswana.

TODAY THE 250 families who rejected the resettlement camp of Pachsdraai and moved to the protection of their chief in the homeland of Bophuthatswana are destitute and landless refugees. Their community is divided and many of the people still hope to return to the fertile lands of Mogopa, the home of their forefathers, one day.

The Bophuthatswana authorities, though run by black people, operate in close connection with the Pretoria government. So when businesses anxious to improve their image, such as the Anglo-American mining company, offered to fund projects to alleviate their situation — such as the building of schools and dams — the hostile authorities blocked the aid.

The Mogopa people have not been compensated for their land, as the government regards Pachsdraai as compensation for Mogopa, and they are forced to live on the meagre compensation they received for their homes. 'We are living in great poverty and hunger,' says Mr Piet Boikanyo, formerly a well-to-do peasant farmer, now living amid rows of tin huts on a dusty homelands landscape. 'At Mogopa we had our own cattle, our own crops, we were farmers ourselves . . . and there were jobs on the white farms if we wanted them.'

The Mogopa people can't be legally employed as migrant workers because they can't get registration at the local labour bureau. They lost their cattle in the move. Pensioners have not been paid for months and have lost the income they received from sharecropping schemes at Mogopa where the elderly were supported by the younger farmers.

Journalists who covered the removal at the time have been struck by the change in circumstances in the people: once healthy looking, many of the Dakwena are now painfully thin and dressed in rags.

The one hope which till recently many people still clung to was a legal action being brought by their lawyers to have the removal declared unlawful. However, their chance of winning the case seems likely to be blocked by a proposed amendment contained in the latest co-operation and development bill. According to an attorney for the tribe, Mr Nicholas Haysom, the amendment is 'specifically designed to cure

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retrospectively the improper procedure already followed in moving the Mogopa tribe.'

Describing the notion of retrospective legislation as 'utterly repugnant,' a civil rights group, Lawyers for Human Rights, said: 'The bill implicitly recognises that the forced removal of the Mogopa tribe was illegal and is seeking to retrospectively validate that atrocity.' The lawyers charged that the proposed amendment made a mockery of Dr Viljoen's undertaking that there would be no more forced removals. Meanwhile, the Black Sash, a group of women who monitor resettlement in the rural areas, said: 'If the bill becomes law the Mogopa people will be deprived of all possible legal redress for the brutal way in which the State deprived them of their land.'

Mr Ephraim Pooe, one of the elders of the community, sees the amendment as a cover-up. 'Why are they trying to kill the case before it has even come to court? (It's) because if it does, the things that will come out will be a disgrace.'

Yet even if the case is successful, it can't change the fact that a once nearly self-sufficient group of peasant farmers has been reduced to poverty and destitution, and the social fabric which held their tribe together has been shattered. The group at Pachsdraai — about 200 families who moved there in dribs and drabs as they caved in to pressure from the police — are under a headman who was displaced from his position for alleged corruption. This group is isolated and no longer part of the tribe.

A number of families have disappeared to Johannesburg forever; some of the families in Bophuthatswana have started building houses, resigning themselves to never returning home again. Yet a large number of people have remained firm. Despite the most extraordinary odds stacked against them — and despite what they have gone through — they believe they will return to Mogopa or an equivalent piece of land one day. 'We are crying for Mogopa,' said Mrs Nellie Ramphu. 'It is our grandfathers' place. It is our place, we can't survive here.'

Meanwhile, the government's announcement has stopped the worst of the removals. However, as three-and-a-half million people have already been subjected to enforced homelessness, all that is left is a 'mopping up' of the last pockets of resistance. And it may well be that although international pressure has pushed Pretoria into taking a softly-softly approach, the authorities are simply biding their time and hoping things will quieten down before they resume the same policies. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□Firemen revived three baby field mice with oxygen equipment when their nest was spotted smouldering beside the M11. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

□A book which teaches children how to picket politely and has Clara the horse explaining the benefits of solidarity and trade unionism, has been published for children by the Labour Research Department. — *Guardian* (Janet Mearns)

INDIA

US PROVOKES BORDER FEARS

Claudia Wright on what Rajiv Gandhi wants out of Reagan

Washington

THERE IS A headless male body in the collection of fine Indian sculpture that has preceded Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi to Washington. About 1,900 years old and cut from subtle red sandstone from the state of Uttar Pradesh, the figure's feet are firmly planted on the ground. It may be a *Bodhisattva*, that figure in Indian belief who stops short of divinity out of compassion for humankind. Without his head though, one can't be sure.

The ambiguity is a fitting symbol of Rajiv's visit. The Reagan Administration is courting the prime minister with the aim of countering the policy of the newly assertive Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev, and installing a pro-American head on India's shoulders. The Indian objective is to overcome conservative Administration officials' hostility towards India, limit American mischief on India's borders, and lay the foundation for the transfer of technology and capital the Indian economy needs for the next decade.

A group of US officials at the State Department and Pentagon is counting on Gandhi's visit to reinforce new tactics they have been advocating in the South Asia region. They haven't abandoned confrontation with the Soviets as a basic strategy; but they believe the Soviets are even more worried about the lure the US has for Rajiv Gandhi than they are about rising tensions along the border between Afghanistan and Pakistan.

The American idea is to offer India high technology, corporate investment, trade credits and arms, and wean Gandhi away from Moscow. The Americans claim that recent Soviet warnings to Pakistan (see *NS* 5 April) are intended to provoke Washington into rushing to Pakistan's rescue with more arms, thereby polarizing Pakistani-Indian relations and undermining the US rapprochement with Delhi. They say they don't intend to be made fools of so easily.

THE INDIANS see it differently. Rajiv's advisers believe that current US tactics are intended to escalate the military conflict in Afghanistan and prevent negotiations between Pakistan and Afghanistan from reaching a genuine resolution. Their assessment is that, with encouragement from Washington, Pakistan may be preparing for an aerial confrontation with intruding Afghan MIG's that may escalate to ground and air clashes between Soviet and Pakistani personnel.

The Indians believe the Americans are gauging the internal politics of the region as ineptly as they have in the past. The Indian view is that military escalation on the Afghan border will be seriously divisive in Pakistan. Only Pakistani military intelligence (whose CIA payoffs and US visas depend on it) would back escalation. The majority of Pakistan's military commanders would not. The maladroitness of the US ambassador in Islamabad, Deane Hinton, has also mobilized the disparate civilian parties against US policy, and stirred a popular hope among Pakistanis (and Indians) that a military humiliation on the border might lead to the downfall of President Zia Ul-Haq.

US officials want to avoid publicly contesting this kind of criticism. Pakistan has run into considerable difficulty with them over the nuclear weapons programme, but even distaste for the Zia regime and scepticism among Democrats towards such Reagan schemes as establishing a new propaganda radio in Pakistan have not shaken Congressional support for US weapons deliveries to Pakistan, or increasing US aid to the Afghan Mujahideen.

The Indian prime minister is once again emphasizing his concern at Zia's nuclear programme, particularly in the light of evidence of Chinese and Turkish government involvement in the Pakistani nuclear effort. The *New Statesman* reported details of the Pakistani-Turkish connexion in 1981 and since then CIA and other US government officials have been monitoring the relationship closely.

US officials believe the Pakistanis are playing a game of nuclear chicken, but will stop short of manufacturing and testing a bomb. They believe Zia and his generals are not so foolhardy as to risk the cutoff of new American weapons or the spare parts needed to keep their recent acquisitions in running order. The Administration has also assured the Senate that it has reliable intelligence means for monitoring the Pakistani programme. According to Western intelligence sources, one reason Washington has quietly allowed the Turks to continue supplying the Pakistanis with nuclear technology is that Turkish officials provide the US with information on exactly how far the programme has advanced.

Rajiv's advisers are not so easily reassured. The prime minister, they say, likes to emphasize the positive in his contacts with the Americans and is bound to strike Washington as less abrasive, more flexible than his mother. They warn, however, that the Americans are deluding themselves if they expect large new arms sales to Delhi — the Indians are determined to avoid entanglement over credits or the supply of spare parts which is the way the US has manipulated them in the past. Neither does the prime minister's entourage expect a sudden softening of American opposition to World Bank lending to India for oil exploration and other projects, in which US companies and banks already have a vested interest. The Indians are hopeful that a freshly signed agreement on technology transfer will open up a new economic relationship, but they understand that some Administration officials remain deeply mistrustful of Indian intentions, and will limit the technology to be transferred.

Both sides will consider the prime minister's visit a success if they achieve a warmer personal relationship than Indira Gandhi was willing to entertain. But unless the US can come up with any concrete ways to alleviate India's border problems, it is unlikely that the Indian prime minister will be convinced that US foreign policy does not threaten India's strategic interests. □

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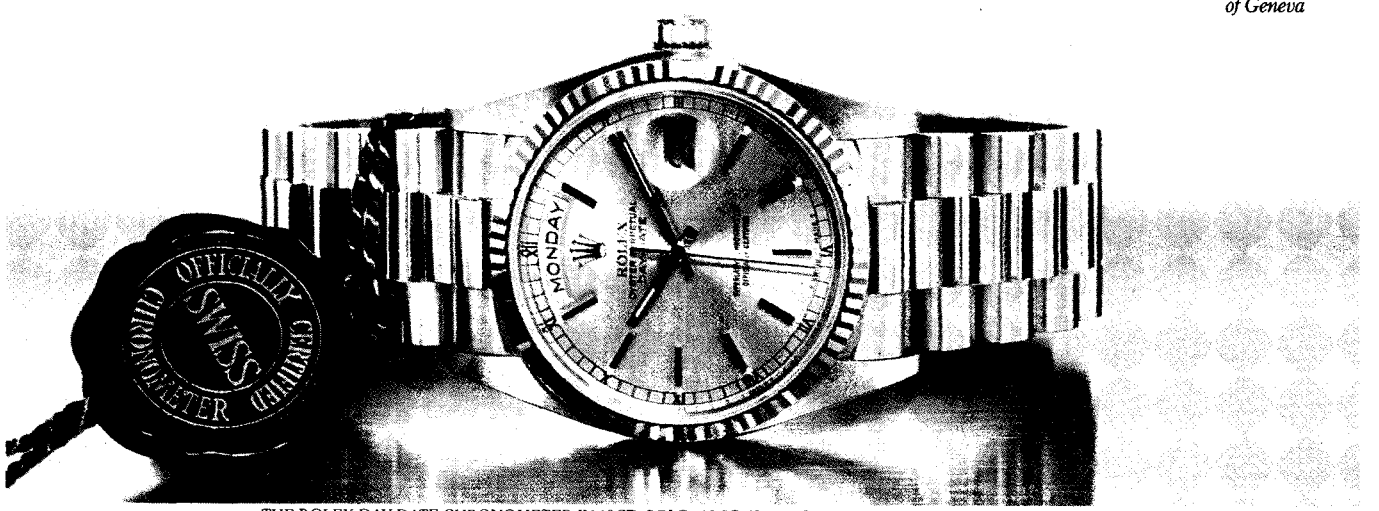

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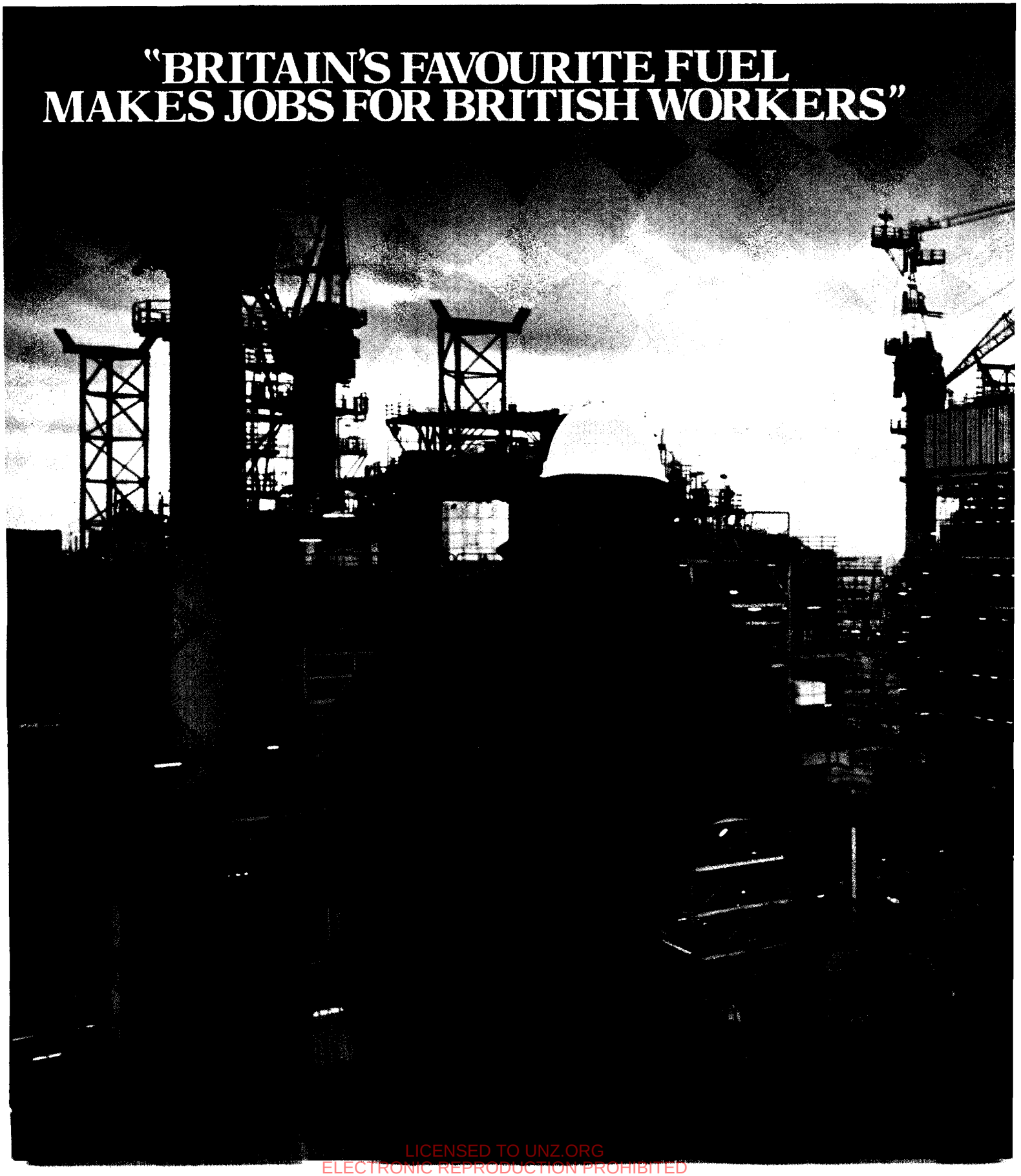
Like most people, Colin Welland prefers gas for home heating. But, like many people, he didn't realise that gas provides getting on for *sixty per cent* of all the heat used in British homes. Nor did he know that it's the most widely used heat source in industry, or that this domestic and industrial demand brings many benefits to Britain. Benefits like jobs for British workers.



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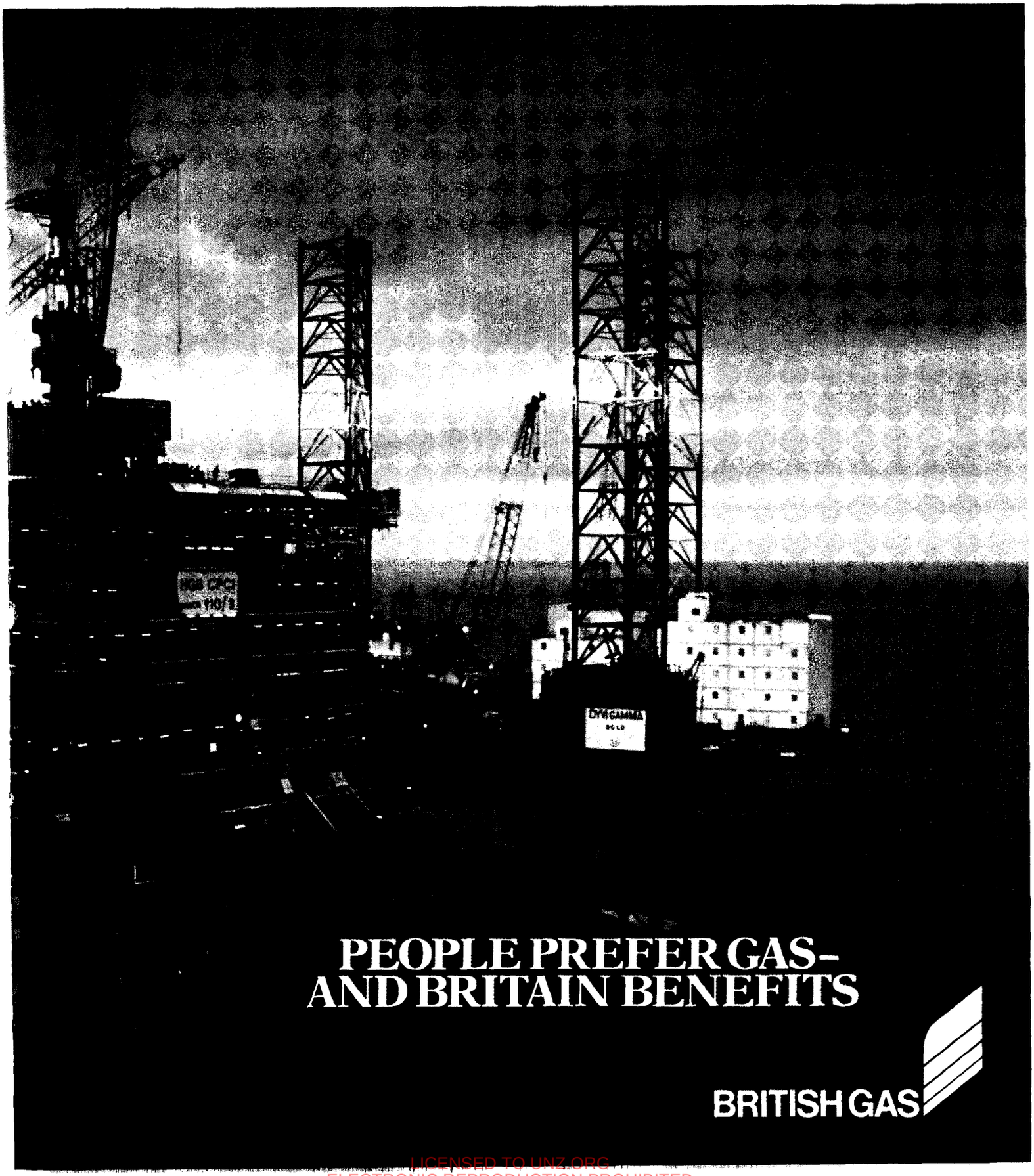
For example, the gas people's own giant Morecambe Field, offshore from Blackpool, is being developed at a cost of more than one-and-a-half billion pounds.
The major part of this massive investment is being spent with British firms, which has led to the creation of literally thousands of jobs for British workers.
So, in a very real sense, Britain benefits because people prefer gas. Ask Colin Welland!



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LETTERS

Soccer hooliganism

Eric Moonman, Centre for Contemporary Studies, London N1

Edward Vulliamy's article on the events leading up to the tragedy at the Heysel Stadium is both sober and essential reading (*NS* 7 June).

Yet two elements are missing. His analysis does not mention the *positive* aspects of the modern soccer game. There was, after all, another European cup final last month played in Rotterdam between Everton and Rapid Vienna when there was never a suggestion of unpleasantness, let alone violence. The match was played in a friendly atmosphere and outside the ground both before and after the game the Dutch police talked amiably with both sets of supporters. The Mayor of Rotterdam and the local Commissioner of Police, in statements after the match, praised the behaviour of all the supporters. Everton supporters come from the same city as Liverpool supporters. So what made the difference?

Even at this early stage of our enquiries, it seems obvious that crowd control and organisation had something to do with it and it is to these matters that football administrators and the government must increasingly turn their attention. The Heysel Stadium, for instance, has a high level of terracing which makes it easier for crowds to be jostled and moved whereas the stadium in Rotterdam had hardly any terracing. In short, it is more difficult to manipulate crowds, for whatever reason or motive, in seating areas.

Secondly, Mr Vulliamy perhaps inadequately deals with the question of the behaviour of those Italian supporters who were provocative and who were engaged in the early fighting at the ground. He mentions the British NF involvement, which incidentally was not extensive, but the Italian fascist presence among their supporters should not be overlooked. Norwegian research colleagues confirm that up to 100 Italian fascists were actively involved at the centre of the disorders. Extreme right-wing activity in sport is not confined to Britain.

Positive themes for Labour

R. J. Price, Common Room, Town Hall, Oxford

Much of what Peter Hain (*NS* 24 May) has to say has the ring of sound common sense. His central theme, that the Party must project a set of coherent ideological alternatives to Thatcherism right through to the next election is clearly correct. But there is also a substantial dose of the (London) armchair theorist's unreality that he is so quick to criticise in others. Quite why, for example, giving much clearer national support to 'striking miners, peace protesters and women's groups' is a condition for winning a majority in the next election is, at least to me, obscure. Is there a great harvest of votes to be garnered from the right-wing parties among miners, CND activists and feminists? Or is this just a ritualistic genuflection before the altar of extra-parliamentary action to display our left-wing credentials?

Equally, one might have thought that a political thinker so close to the corridors of alternative power would have learnt the lesson of the last two elections — that home ownership is a very sensitive issue indeed. However clever we are at devising an alternative to mortgage interest relief, it would be a sitting duck in the simplistic public debate that occurs around election time. 'Fresh thinking' is a good idea if it is informed by the realities of a biased press and a massively imbalanced publicity budget as between the Tories and Labour.

Positive themes for the next two years must stem from *both* socialist values *and* the growing awareness of the obscenities of Thatcherism. The 'bland' theme of 'caring for others', for example, gets to the heart of the reality that our housing stock is being run down, that there are still hundreds of Victorian schools and inadequately staffed and equipped hospitals. An 'imaginative new approach to taxation' simply does not touch the hearts and minds of those voters who are turning away from Thatcher because of the reality of what they see around them. The positive themes should be readily appreciated and capable of early implementation: for example, a commitment to increase council housing starts by 50 per cent per year, or to undertake a three-year programme to replace all schools over 'x' years old. Similarly, the theme of women's rights is too abstract to be meaningful, but a commitment to a national minimum wage, national cervical cancer screening, an expansion of nursery education and of new time-off rights for dependant care would be a clear indication of our belief in improving conditions for women.

Peter Hain's intention may simply have been to initiate debate among the hothouse rhetoricians of the London Left. Unfortunately, however, there is a party and an electorate elsewhere who are less interested in the fine detail than in the broad and concrete themes that will inform the first couple of years of a future Labour government. It is hardly worth pointing out that lengthy and worthy debates about radical ideas on tax or the machinery of government run the risk of drowning the simple messages that need to be conveyed to an increasingly worried nation.

What's funny, then?

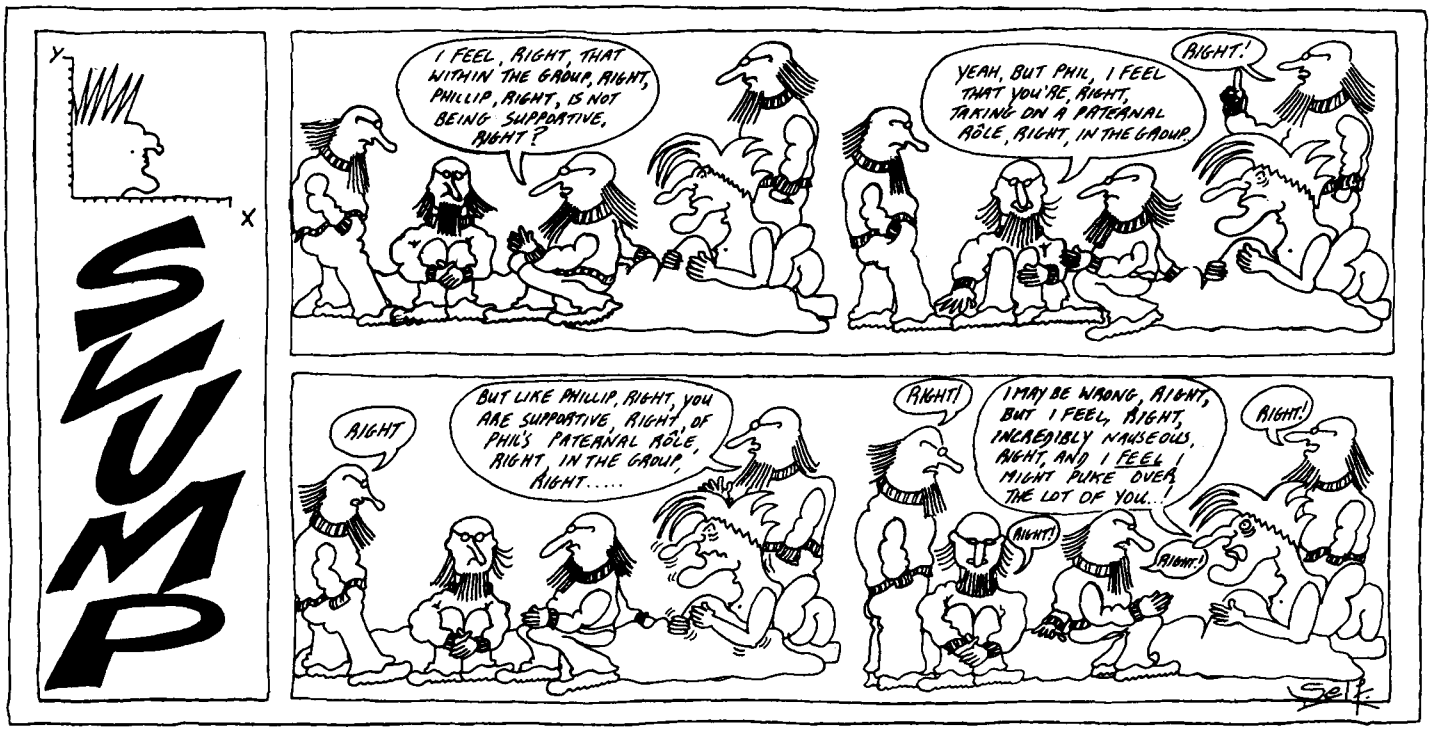
Martin Pawley, London SW5

While I am chided by my colleagues for not seeing the funny side of Hugo Williams's review of *The Battle of Mansion House Square* (*NS* 24 May), I am also occasionally praised by them for being a serious critic.

In the latter guise I must ask how and when it was that the *New Statesman* divested itself of any allegiance to modern architecture — which was in Europe at any rate the architecture of socialism — and joined the ranks of the fogeys who find nothing more risible in this world than the 'sense of mission' of the architects of post-war Britain?

How is it that the New Towns programme, the construction of millions of new homes, the building of many new schools and universities, and the large-scale construction of social welfare buildings of all kinds has become a disgraceful episode in our history, while the 'saving' of half a dozen Dickensian ruins merits the support of right-thinking people everywhere?

I know this is not an amusing question, but I think we should be told.


Y
X
SUMP
I FEEL, RIGHT, THAT WITHIN THE GROUP, RIGHT, PHILLIP, RIGHT, IS NOT BEING SUPPORTIVE, RIGHT?
YEAH, BUT PHIL, I FEEL THAT YOU'RE, RIGHT, TAKING ON A PATERNAL ROLE, RIGHT, IN THE GROUP.
RIGHT!
RIGHT
BUT LIKE PHILLIP, RIGHT, YOU ARE SUPPORTIVE, RIGHT, OF PHIL'S PATERNAL ROLE, RIGHT, IN THE GROUP, RIGHT.....
RIGHT!
I MAY BE WRONG, RIGHT, BUT I FEEL, RIGHT, INCREDIBLY NAUSEOUS, RIGHT, AND I FEEL I MIGHT PUKE OVER THE LOT OF YOU...!
RIGHT!
RIGHT!
RIGHT!
Self

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Machine politics

William Wallace, Shipley Liberal Association, Bradford

John Rentoul's analysis of the three-party balances on local authorities (*NS* 31 May) is revealing but incomplete. The degree to which Labour hostility to power sharing and to the Alliance has inhibited the establishment of progressive coalitions is clear. But it omits the number of instances in which Alliance co-operation with the Conservatives resulted from the stubbornness of Labour council groups in refusing to consider joint action with Liberals or Social Democrats, preferring ideological purity to effective politics.

In the 1920s Labour hostility to Liberals and to power-sharing contributed much to the dominance of Conservative governments. If Labour repeats the same mistakes it made on the way up on its way down, it will be held responsible for dividing the opposition to Conservatism. Given the evidence that Labour on its own cannot command the consistent support of much more than a third of the electorate, its leaders *must* either share power with others or sit back self-righteously and let the Conservatives in.

There is of course one worse alternative which Labour politicians seem all too ready to adopt: to let their commitment to the comfortable certainty of the two-party system and their fear of the Alliance push them into collaboration with their sworn class enemies. To see the left-inclined Labour groups on Bradford Metropolitan Council join up with the Conservatives, as they have just done, is to see political rhetoric disappear underneath machine politics.

Delusions on the Left

Paul Mitton, Windsor, Berks.

Regarding the sectarian dross from Knight et al (Feedback 7 June), it seems to me, as an active young socialist from a working-class family, that they are being sadly and blindly over-confident in asserting the need to ensure 'that the working class is not sold out'.

In fact, the 'working class', such as it is, is unlikely to be politically active to the degree that betrayal is possible. Kinnock, indeed, does not represent the political aspirations and activity of the 'typical' working-class person; that is because, generally speaking, the working class is apathetic and/or reactionary.

The essential failing of the Left in this country, from Tony Chater to David Steel, is a refusal, or an inability, to recognise this fact and a consequent avoidance of what must be the main task of socialists and democrats everywhere — to remove the all-pervading and destructive sense of social impotence. The Left as a whole must cease deluding itself that the ideal of an aware population is the present truth.

'Clarifying' Shah's claims

S. Abbott, Sale, Manchester

Eddy Shah (Letters 31 May) claims to be correcting inaccuracies (actually he uses the odd phrase 'clarify two inaccuracies') by Paul Foot in his Media column of 3 May.

Mr Shah, however, himself makes inaccuracies. His ungrammatical pen is obviously as rash as his verbal outbursts. Mr Foot referred to a profit of less then £5,000 in Messenger's year to March 1983, not 1984, of which Mr Shah writes with excuses about being devastated by deferred tax. Mr Foot could not have written about 1984's profit, because the figures had not then been filed with the Company Registrar.

Similarly, Mr Foot did not state that Messenger Newspapers was not prepared to send its young journalists on the correct training courses; only that there was once such a refusal.

What Mr Shah fails to explain is how the two young Messenger journalists whom Mr Foot named can be registered legitimately with the National Council for the Training of Journalists when they do not have the minimum educational requirements of five 'O' levels.

FEEDBACK

Agenda for Labour's Left

THE SENSE of purpose and cautious optimism which has emerged over the past six months on Labour's Left, is one which the Labour Co-ordinating Committee is determined to assist and organise. That task, however, is open to misrepresentation and the efforts of LCC and its Scottish organisation are inaccurately reported by Rob Edwards (*NS* 31 May) in his assessment of Scottish politics.

In both Scotland and the rest of England and Wales the LCC remains the principal organisation of the non-Trotskyist Left — one that promotes new policy initiatives and questions of strategy alike. In the current fluid situation within the Labour Party, it is not surprising that the LCC should seek to clarify political positions both within Scotland and the rest of the UK. The LCC nationally is preparing a 'relaunch' statement, while LCC (Scotland) is due, later this month, to discuss its 'Charter '85'; both will set out LCC's politics.

Since the October '83 conference, LCC has argued for Left unity around a political programme able to connect the leadership of the party with the Left currents among the membership. That programme has been part of an approach that has been quite consistently followed through in the last 18 months. The thinking of many on the Left now closely resembles that promoted by the LCC. Differences do exist, however; many date from the period immediately following the Benn campaign, perhaps more accurately seen as the real starting point for the current Left 'realignment'.

Other differences of emphasis — the need to organise either inside or outside Parliament, work in the unions, in local government or within CLPs — reflect differing local circumstances. For the LCC, the influence in local government, strength within the Scottish party and connection at levels within the unions are assets to be built upon.

Meanwhile, there is an urgency for the broad Left within the party to proceed up to October's party conference with a clear and agreed strategy objective. The statements from LCC and LCC (Scotland) in addition, perhaps, to *Tribune*'s forthcoming relaunch statement, should form the basis of that unity. With only two years before the next general election, the need to see the party reorganise, and adopt a coherent and credible programme, is critical.

Some serious thinking about the work of the next Labour government — and the obstacles it will face — is also overdue. Given that there must be no return to the failed policies of the Callaghan era, now is the time for the Left to take initiatives in planning the implementation of party policy. There is little doubt that the experiences of local government will be foremost in the next parliament and the Left needs to set an agenda for government based on its own exercise of real power under less than favourable circumstances.

Paul Convery

Paul Convery is Organising Secretary of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee.

For the record

Donald Trelford, Editor, Observer

In your editorial of 31 May you assert that 'by taking no care' in the reproduction of a Foreign Office document on aid to Nicaragua we inadvertently identified Mr Geoffrey Dennis as the civil servant who supplied it. This is untrue. Our reproduction of the document had no bearing on the action taken against Mr Dennis.

Anarchists and miners

John Hughes, London NW11

I read with great interest your article on anarchism (*NS* 7 June), but I would like to correct one point. You mentioned that *Socialist Opportunist* had criticised the miners for being 'sexist' and had argued that their emphasis on coal-power clashed with a more 'green' (i.e. more ecologically caring and thoughtful) energy policy. This is undoubtedly true — but *Socialist Opportunist* did throughout the strike give the miners its full (albeit critical) support.

The miners' strike was the most important workers' struggle for decades, but that does not mean that their cause was 'perfect' — the rigid authoritarianism and demagogic behaviour of Scargill worried me considerably. . .but did not stop me fully supporting the miners.

Welsh comeback

Mike Powell, Editorial Committee, Radical Wales

I was pleased to see the coverage given to the The Wales Congress in Support of Mining Communities (*NS* 31 May). However, I feel that Tony Heath's interpretation of the position of Plaid Cymru and of the article in Plaid's discussion journal *Radical Wales* is seriously flawed.

He correctly points out that the WCSMC gained little active support from Labour MPs, quoting the case of Ray Powell saying the Congress should be buried now. But, oddly, he then goes on to castigate *Radical Wales* for sectarianism for merely pointing this out. Unhappiness with the role of the Welsh Labour MPs was frequently expressed by grassroots Labour Party members, not simply by those in other parties.

He also asserts that the Labour Party worked more effectively than Plaid Cymru at grassroots level. While it is unclear precisely what this means, it would be strange if a party with four times as many members as Plaid Cymru could not get more people out to assist the miners of Wales in their struggle.

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THE SENTENCE OF RACISM

From America, Britain gratefully learned that racism was only a problem of the white psyche and thus, argues A. SIVANANDAN in the second of two articles, stifled politics*

AS FAR BACK as 1965, the Commission on Mental Health described racism as the number one mental health problem in the United States. 'Its destructive effects severely cripple the growth and development of millions of our citizens, young and old alike,' wrote Judy Katz in her 'handbook of exercises for the re-education of white people.'

Even before that, the Myrdal 'report' on 'The American Dilemma' (1944) had drawn attention to the hiatus, the schism, the rupture in the (white) American psyche: between 'American ideas of equality, freedom, God-given dignity of the individual, inalienable rights' and 'the practices of discrimination, humiliation, insult, denial of opportunity to Negroes and others in a racist society'.

Katz even rallies black militants like Malcolm X to her cause. 'Whites who are sincere should organise themselves and figure out some strategies to break down race prejudice that exists in white communities'.

Racism, for Katz, is an 'essence' that history has deposited in the white psyche, like sexism is an 'essence' deposited in the male: oppressors oppress themselves. It is a part of the psycho-social history of white America, part of its collective unconscious. It is in American customs, institutions, language, mores — it is both conscious and un-conscious at the same time, both overt and covert. There is no escaping it. And because the system is loaded in their favour, all that whites can be, even when they fight racism, is anti-racist racists: if they don't they are just plain, common or garden racists.

Hence, any training programme that intends to bring individual whites to a consciousness of themselves should also take conscience of American culture and institutions. And it should be done at two levels at once — the cognitive or informative and the affective or emotional at the level of thinking and at the level of feeling. The techniques that had hitherto been used in human relations training were either too cognitive or too emotional; not self-aware enough or too exploitative, once again, of Third World peoples. Only white on white techniques promised any success, and it was on that basis that Ms Katz had devised a systematic training programme which was influenced as much by the shift in psychotherapy towards a teaching role as the shift in education towards a counselling role. The point, after all, was not to change attitudes, but to change behaviour — to change the world.

Since then (1976), the Katz technique of racism awareness training (RAT) — an intensive six-stage programme of 48 exercises crammed into two weekends but adaptable 'to many different settings' — has become widely used in the United States.

Part of its appeal lay, of course, with the American penchant for therapy, but part of it was also due to the political climate in which it grew: the collapse of the Black Power movement into culturalism and theological liberation, the personalisation of power in the women's movement and the diaspora of guilt broadcast by Israel in the wake of its imperial adventures.

Taking a leaf out of the Black Power book, Ms Katz defines racism as a 'white problem'. But whereas the white problem in Black Power ideology referred to the white capitalist power structure, in Ms Katz it is reduced to a personal one, a problem of individuals who, because they are white, have power over non-whites. Having so established white guilt as irreversible, almost inborn, Ms Katz takes infinite pains to warn whites that they should not feel guilty, for guilt is 'a self-indulgent way to use up energy'. On the other hand, whites suffer from racism as much as men suffer from sexism. And 'we have learnt from the Feminist Movement that men as well as women are adversely affected by oppressive sex roles'. Her programme of anti-racist sensitivity training, therefore, promises through a 'process of self-examination, change and action that we will someday liberate ourselves and our society'.

It is the sort of psychospiritual mumbo-jumbo which, because it has the resonances of the political movements of its time — capitalists have changed the world, our business is to interpret it — and, by reducing social problems to individual solutions, passes off personal satisfaction for political liberation, and then wraps it all up in a Madison Avenue sales package promising instant cure for hereditary disease, claimed the attention not just of Middle America but of a grateful State. For what better way could the State find to smooth out its social discordances while it carried on, untrammelled, with its capitalist works?

IT WAS NOT, on the face of it, a package that would have appealed to the British 'character', but it seemed the logical extension to the work of a group of teachers and community workers, (mostly black) whose campaign against racial symbols in children's books had derived its message and method directly from the Council for Interracial Books in the US — who were themselves proponents of RAT. Accordingly, in 1978, the group founded the Racism Awareness Programme Unit (RAPU) on the rock of Katzian teaching — and was joined soon after by renegades (mostly black) from the multicultural faith, disaffected by its inability to speak to white racism.

In the following year, some of the RAPU people, along with others, set up the National Committee on Racism in Children's Books and began to produce a quarterly magazine, *Dragons Teeth*. The journal's aim of investigating (and challenging) racial bias in children's books, however, was centred around black images and stereotypes. And this, over the next two years, led to a preoccupation with black identity and reclaiming the past — and found its obverse in white identity and RAT.

By 1980, Nadine Peppard, who as Race Relations Adviser at the Home Office was responsible for developing race relations training, and advising the police, prison and probation services, was arguing that 'those attitudes or beliefs which underlie actual behaviour must be seen as the heart of the matter and that to construct a training scheme which tries to ignore them is to be the question.' As a guide for training programmes, she cited the 'experimental training programme'

The articles are extracted from 'RAT and the degradation of black struggle', in *Race & Class*, Spring 1985.

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Christine Roche

mounted at the University of Oklahoma by Professor Judy Katz.

But not till after the riots of 1981 and Scarman did either the official race relations course or RAPU take off seriously into RAT. For one thing, Scarman had changed the terms of debate from the material effects of racism on poor blacks to the cultural effects on and the job prospects of middle-class ethnics. For another, he had, in his recommendations on local authority spending and police training, provided a breeding-ground for RAT and the reproduction of 'imagined communities' and their ethno-psychological struggles for identity against ethno-centrism. (Identity is the personalisation of nationalism; ethnicity its group expression — all points in the same continuum.)

A flurry of reports, working groups and conferences on local authority strategies to combat racial disadvantage ensued. The Minister of State for Home Affairs, declaring that 'it cannot be unfair to give help to those with a special handicap', pledged central government support for local authority endeavours. Race relations sub-committees, ethnic advisers, RAT courses — and even (elected) black councillors — began to spring up — in every inner-city borough in London and the conurbations.

And yet, in terms of the material conditions of the workless, homeless, school-less, welfare-less blacks of slum city, all this paroxysm of activity has not made the blindest bit of difference. The GLC Housing Committee Chairman admitted in 1984 that racial harassment on some East London estates was 'on a scale not seen in this country for 40 to 50 years'. In the same year, the Policy Studies Institute survey concluded: 'the quality of the housing of black people is much worse than the quality of housing in general in this country.' And unemployment for blacks, already twice the average for whites at the end of 1982, has worsened considerably.

All that has happened is that the centre of gravity of the race relations industry has moved from the central government and the Commission for Racial Equality to the local State — and with it, the black struggle, not for community and class any more, but for hand-outs and position. And racism awareness, not black power, is the new ideology.

The same tendencies to ethnicising and RATifying racism abounded also in education, the church and voluntary services. But where RAT afforded immediate sanctuary to racism, was in the police force. The 1981 rebellions against the police and their State had discredited the police force on all counts and at every level. The Brixton 'disorders', in particular, had shown up the endemic and unrelenting racism of the force in its entirety. Scarman, in rescuing them and the state from such public and universal opprobrium, had let them off with a reprimand for 'racially prejudiced attitudes' (in the lower ranks) and ordered them to take a severe course of multiculturalism and attitude training. Gratefully, the police accepted the sentence.

THEY HAD, immediately after the inner-city 'riots', made a stab at multicultural studies at the Hendon Police Training College — and even appointed a black lecturer, John Fernandes, to carry it off. But, after Scarman, the police were

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thrashing around for a training programme that would change attitudes and behaviour rather than educate and inform. A Police Working Party was set up the following year, but even before it could report (February 1983), the Metropolitan Police Force, influenced by the work of the DRRI in Florida, went off into Human Awareness Training with all its attendant simulation games, 'experiential exercises' and role-playing.

Multiculturalism, meanwhile, had died at Hendon: Fernandes's attempt to find an anti-racist strain in multi-culture had brought him up against the hard rock of police racism, both at the recruits level and the senior officers' — and put paid both to Fernandes and multiculturalism. But RAT was waiting in the wings and, no sooner had Fernandes been suspended, found its way into the Police Training College — through RAPU, whose leading black light was also a member of the Police Working Party and Ethnic Adviser to Haringey all at once.

RAT also abounds in the voluntary sector — among youth workers, community theatres, housing groups, advice centres, community workers, nursery managers, who, because of the sense of vocation and commitment that have brought them to their jobs, are particularly susceptible to RAT potions. And lest their commitment should let the voluntary sector stray from their particular briefs, the Home Office has made it a point (through Voluntary Service Unit funding) to corral them into umbrella organisations in Leicestershire, West London and Manchester.

Then there is black RAT for black people — as in RAPU and LRATU (Lewisham Racism Awareness Training Unit), for instance — concerned with recovering black identity and raising black consciousness and, in the stated case of the Lewisham Unit, with enhancing and strengthening 'practices that lead to power acquisition particularly within the confines of white dominated organizations and society in general'. Finally, there are the professional RAT operators who appear to have come out of management training and business rather than from an involvement with black issues — and make a business of RAT. White racism, it appears, is no longer a white problem, but a business proposition.

RACISM IS NOT, as RAT believes, a white problem, but a problem of an exploitative white power structure; power is not something white people are born into, but that which they derive from their position in a complex race/sex/class hierarchy; oppression does not equal exploitation; ideas do not equal ideology; the personal is not the political, but the political is personal; and personal liberation is not political liberation.

Some of the confusion arises from the wrong use of terms. Racism, strictly speaking, should be used to refer to structures and institutions with power to descriminate. What individuals display is racialism, prejudiced attitudes, which give them no intrinsic power over non-whites. That power is derived from racist laws, constitutional conventions, judicial precedents, institutional practices — all of which have the imprimatur of the state. In a capitalist state, that power is associated with the power of the capitalist class — and racial oppression cannot be disassociated from class exploitation. And it is that symbiosis between race and class that marks the difference between the racial oppressions of the capitalist and pre-capitalist periods.

The fight against racism is, therefore, a fight against the State which sanctions and authorises it — even if by default — in the institutions and structures of society and in the behaviour of its public officials. My business is not to train the police officer out of his 'racism', but to have him punished for it — if, that is, he is meant to be accountable to the community he serves. Nor does changing the attitude of an immigration officer stop him from carrying out virginity tests — but changing immigration law (or merely the instructions from the Home Office) would. Nor can (middle-class) housing officers who have undergone RAT change housing conditions for the black working class, as long as the housing stock is limited. Nor, finally, does disabusing the minds of the owners and editors of the yellow press of their 'racism' prevent them from propagating their poisonous ideology of racism (when it sells papers); only a concerted continuing, public and political campaign can do that.

But although RAT can act as a catharsis — for guilt-stricken whites — or as a catalyst, leading even to a change in their individual treatment of blacks, its pretentious to do more is at once a delusion of grandeur and a betrayal of political black struggle against racism and, therefore, the state.

More importantly, in terms of strategy, the distinction between racialism and racism — the distinction between power relationships between individuals (however derived) and the power relationships between classes (however mediated) — helps to distinguish between the lesser fight (because attitudes must be fought too) and the greater, and allows of different tactics for different fights.

But then, the use of the term 'racism' to mean both (personal) racialism and (structural) racism — influenced partly by the use of the term sexism, which itself arose from the tendency in the women's movement to personalise politics by personalising power (there is no 'sexualism' in the women's movement) — has passed into common usage, itself a sign of the decline of black struggle. (The women's movement (in the West) personalised power — legitimately — to mean the immediate, direct and personal physical power of men over women, but then extrapolated it — illegitimately — to black and Third World struggle, which are connected more immediately and directly to economic exploitation and political power.) It would be pedantic not to accept this use of 'racism' — till, that is, struggle again changes the terminology.

Where the futility of RAT becomes crystal clear is when it is faced with the most violent, virulent form of racism, the seed bed of fascism, that of the white working class. This contrary to RAT belief, is racist precisely because it is powerless, economically and politically, and violent because the only power it has is personal power. Quite clearly, it would be hopeless to try and change the attitudes and behaviour of the poorest and most deprived section of the white population without first changing the material conditions of their existence. But, at that point of recognition, RAT averts its face and, pretending that such racism is extreme and exceptional, teaches teachers to avert their faces too. And that, in inner-city schools, where racism affords the white child the only sport and release from its hopeless reality, is to educate it for fascism.

David Ruddell, Antoinette Satow and even blacks like Basil Manning and Ashok Ohri specifically deny the importance of the battles against the NF on the basis that such an extreme form of racism is not necessarily the common experience of most blacks and, in any case, lets off the whites with fighting overt racism out there and not covert racism in themselves, in their daily lives and in their institutions (meaning, really, places of work, leisure, etc). But that is because they, like the activists of the Anti-Nazi League, but for different reasons, do not see the organic connection between racism and fascism. Martin Webster, the National Activities Organiser of the NF, saw it, though, when he declared that 'the social base of the NF is made up of the desperate and the dispossessed among the white working class'.

If black struggle in Britain has meant anything, it has meant the return of politics to a working-class struggle that had lost its way into economism, the return of community to class, the forging of black as a common colour of colonial and racist exploitation, and the opening out of anti-racist struggles to anti-fascism and anti-imperialism both at once. □

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A strong dose of Shavian reason

John Stokes

Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters 1911-1925
ed. DAN H. LAURENCE *Bodley Head* £25

SHAW WROTE letters as a doctor writes prescriptions, at about the same tempo and in about the same quantity — a daily dispatch to politicians, performers and fellow pundits. A strong dose of Shavian reason, he always maintained, would soon put things right. There are some fine brisk examples in the third volume of what, in contrast, is proving to be a positively elephantine edition: bulky, draped with apparatus and slow-moving. (The first two volumes appeared as long ago as 1965 and 1972 but are now reissued.)

Of the several thousand letters that Shaw penned between 1911 and 1925 Dan H. Laurence has selected 578. With so conscientious an editor, one can feel certain that the remainder have been carefully examined; and what Laurence has rejected, Michael Holroyd will presumably assess in turn, guarding the other guardians being one of his essential duties as authorised biographer.

Since so many of Shaw's political letters are also plainly addressed to posterity, now is as good a time as any to reconsider his diagnoses. Are Ireland and England eternally locked together, as he suggested to Horace Plunkett in 1917, because 'geography and common sense make a political unit of the two islands'? He was against partition but against complete independence too. The Shavian solution to the Irish problem was a kind of acceptance. In much the same spirit he was in favour of victory in the Great War but also for peaceful negotiation, and always, from the very start, implacably against the British leaders who had allowed it to happen. This brought him much hysterical hate: 'We have no patience with a man who tries to trip us up,' threatened the playwright Henry Arthur Jones. Shaw took it all bravely and carried on with reasoned replies. Applied to politics in particular, his 'Life Force' theory made a virtue out of necessity in almost every instance, so that an intellectually forceful argument often became indistinguishable from a self-enforced belief. Or perhaps the theory was a way of forcing the world into his own image, his opinionated cure-alls an overflow for unique and boundless energies.

Shaw also wrote the kinds of letter that everyone writes: love letters and letters of condolence. The bulk of the love letters here are to Stella (Mrs Patrick) Campbell, extracts from which have appeared most recently in Margot Peters's comprehensive *Bernard Shaw and the Actresses* (1980). Reading the correspondence again, one is ever less surprised that all this verbal preening invariably pre-empted performance. The affair reached an anti-climax at the Guildford Hotel, Sandwich, in 1913, only to hot up almost a decade later over Stella's request to include his highly publishable (and bankable) letters in her memoirs.

It was in letters of condolence that Shaw, a coquette with a genius for friendship, found the securest outlet for loving feelings. 'I don't mean that death is the *only* real thing,' he wrote in 1913. 'It's not so real as life, if you come to that. . .' But the loss of old friends made him think again, hushed the vibrant ego. 'So that adventure is over,' he reflected when the actress, his adored Janet Achurch, died three years later. 'Now Janet is again the Janet of 1889, and immortal. Better that than half dead, like me.' And when his old critical sparring partner William Archer died after an operation in 1924, Shaw, after characteristically raging against the surgeons, later admitted that 'when he went he took a piece of me with him'. Shaw and Archer were exactly the same age. Already in 1918 Shaw had begun *Back to Methuselah*, a play based on the idea that 'we cannot manage modern civilisation unless we extend the duration of human life and vigour to three hundred years at least'.

The war had changed so much: and mortality was no private matter. Shaw strove brilliantly, intuitively, to share the feelings of bereaved friends while feeling quite differently himself about the need for filial sacrifice. His letter to Lady Gregory on the loss of her son Robert is in its way as much of an achievement as Yeats's celebrated poem in memory of the same dead major. 'To a man with his power of standing up to danger — which must mean enjoying it — war must have intensified his life as nothing else could; he got a grip of it that he could not through art or love. I suppose that is what makes the soldier.' Its tactful honesty lies in the tacit questioning of male heroics. The death by shellfire of another son, this time Stella Campbell's, provoked righteous anger at the chaplain who had sent the news, and a grim transformation of his favourite comic trick of concluding on an exasperated crescendo ('Stella Stella Stella Stella') into the bitter descent, 'damn damn damn damn. . .'

Up until the war the plays had kept coming: in 1913, *Androcles and the Lion*, in 1914, *Pygmalion*. There was a pause before anger began to find creative relief in *Heartbreak*

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House, and even then the process was unusually slow. 'I, who once wrote whole plays *d'un seul trait*, am creeping through a new one (to prevent myself crying) at odd moments, two or three speeches at a time. I don't know what it's about.' That was in 1916: and there were to be many trials before he eventually published his masterpiece in 1919.

It's to Shaw's undying credit that although Captain Shotover undoubtedly derived from King Lear, and Shaw put into Shotover a great deal of himself, he was never tempted to become Lear in life, refused to go mad because of the world around him: 'damn damn damn damn' not 'howl howl howl howl'. Always the doctor never the patient ('I have sat at England's bedside during her delirium'), it was, Shaw insisted with legitimate confidence, God who was senile not him. □

The risks we live with

Joan Smith

No Immediate Danger: Prognosis for a Radioactive Earth
ROSALIE BERTELL *The Women's Press*
£11.95 & £5.95

ONLY 50 years elapsed between the discovery of radiation in a laboratory in Bavaria in 1895 and the detonation of the world's first atom bomb in a desert in New Mexico in 1945. During that time, the results of one small experiment were transformed into a new science, nuclear physics, which was to change indelibly the nature of the world we live in.

It was a period of unparalleled excitement for scientists. 'It was a heroic time', Robert Oppenheimer, head of the Manhattan Project which built the first US bombs, wrote later. 'For those who participated it was a time of creation. There was terror as well as exaltation in their new insight.'

For the millions of people who now make up the anti-nuclear movement in Europe and the US, the discoveries and inventions of the nuclear age — nuclear power as much as nuclear weapons — hold only terror. The political and moral grounds for opposition have always been clear; they were articulated before a single atom bomb had ever been used in war. But the scientific argument has always been more difficult to mount; partly because time was needed for the evidence to accumulate, and partly because of the extreme difficulty involved for the lay person in penetrating the protective fences erected by nuclear scientists. You have only to look at the multiplicity of unfamiliar units used to measure radiation and its effects — Roentgens, rads, rems, becquerels, curies, sieverts and grays, to name a few — to appreciate their effectiveness in discouraging further inquiry.

What has been needed for a long time is a book which takes on the scientific issues in language lay people can understand. Such a project demands unusual qualifications: a thorough understanding of nuclear physics, an encyclopaedic knowledge of the evidence about the effects of radiation and the ability to translate both into jargon-free prose. Dr Rosalie Bertell has succeeded on all three counts.

Bertell has impressive scientific qualifications and a long history as a researcher into the effects of radiation, particularly in the controversial area of very low doses. Her work on the Tri-State Study, a massive survey of the health of the populations of three US states, revealed that exposure to medical X-rays, a form of low level radiation, was responsible for inducing leukaemias associated with old age in much younger people. She has published more than 80 academic papers and articles and is now Director of Research at the International Institute of Concern for Public Health in Toronto.

She was impelled to write this book, she says, because 'only scientists are fully aware of the subtle cumulative nature of damage from low-level radiation'. She accepts that it takes a considerable effort 'to learn the unfamiliar jargon, to grasp in detail the human health implications of radiation exposure and to understand nuclear technology'. But the effort is necessary, she believes, because of her thesis that, even if we can avoid nuclear war, the world is already being destroyed by radiation.

To demonstrate this thesis, she takes the reader gently through a series of steps. Her starting point is a simple and lucid explanation of what radiation is, and what it does to you. She explains that internationally set standards are not absolute safeguards against radiation but *assessments of risk*, and argues persuasively that these standards — accepted in Britain for the nuclear industry — underestimate the danger. She lists the victims of radiation to date in a horrifying catalogue of death and suffering: the civilian populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the civilians and servicemen exposed to fallout by nuclear weapon testing, the uranium miners killed by lung cancer induced by radon gas.

She documents the methods used to obstruct researchers whose work suggests low level radiation is more dangerous than the nuclear industry admits — the withdrawal of funds, the confiscation of research data, the attempts to persuade other scientists to denigrate their work. She describes the nuclear accidents which have occurred with monotonous regularity throughout the life of the nuclear industry, from the well-known events at Three Mile Island in 1979 to less-publicised mistakes such as a build-up of plutonium in a waste trench at the Hanford nuclear plant in Washington state which could have led to a nuclear explosion.

The title of the book, *No Immediate Danger*, comes from the routine assurance given to the public every time a nuclear accident happens. Bertell's belief, on the contrary, is that the danger from radiation is the most urgent threat to the survival of humankind. It is this sense of urgency which gives rise to the book's isolated weaknesses; Bertell's attempt to impress the immediacy of the danger upon the reader by drawing comparisons with the Holocaust feels uncomfortable and unconvincing, as do her political conclusions, which are drawn from a rather idealistic vision of internationalism. But that is not to deny the book's achievement: *No Immediate Danger* is the most powerful and comprehensive contribution to date to popularising the scientific case against the nuclear industry. □

Ironbridge

Vicki Feaver

Everything here is as it was:
the machinery in working order,
in the warmth of the engine house
men with pale, smudged faces
squeezing oil on the pistons.

On weekdays there'd be children —
shouts of *Come and look at this!*
and *Miss, Miss, where's the toilets?*
But it's Sunday and it's raining.
They have the place to themselves.

Reflected in the green canal
they look like a couple of actors
strayed on to the wrong set.
You can tell it's not for real —
their gestures are too big.

In the shop by the iron bridge
he tries to buy her a little
sprigged milk-jug and sugar-bowl
the owner won't put a price on.
And she gives up everything

to live in a two-roomed cottage —
cabbages and a pig in the garden,
the floor running with wet
and GOD BLESS YOU worked
in cross-stitch over the bed.

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Haunted by Althusser

Gavin Kitching

Marxism and Historical Writing
PAUL Q. HIRST *Routledge* £20

ISAIAH BERLIN, on learning that a group of his post-graduate students were to start a Hegel reading group, warned us to be careful. 'Many good men,' he said, 'have gone into Hegel and never come out the other side.' I am afraid that the same is true of Louis Althusser. Even when one has rejected the central Althusserian propositions, as Paul Hirst has done, deeper marks remain. Althusser, like Hegel, stamps one's thought patterns, haunts one's sentence structure, saturates one's vocabulary. It is not clear that Paul Hirst would want to break with this even if he could, but his failure to do so aroused in this reader very mixed feelings about *Marxism and Historical Writing*.

The book is actually a collection of varying provenance. The oldest chapter, a review of Perry Anderson's *Lineages of the Absolutist State*, dates from 1975 and another review (of E.P. Thompson's *The Poverty of Theory*) from 1979. The other six chapters are more recent but at least three have appeared elsewhere. Like all such collections, this one presents certain problems of continuity and coherence, but far less acutely than most. The philosophy of history provides a genuinely unifying theme for five chapters and the remaining three can be seen as exemplifications and developments of the approach to politics which appears as a sub-theme in the first five.

There is a rejection of Althusser's philosophical picture of Marxism, but a simultaneous insistence that it represents the most rigorous and sophisticated attempt to give Marxism an epistemology and that, therefore, if it cannot be defended then neither can Marxism. This is followed by a sustained critique of all attempts to present history in 'necessitarian' or 'teleological' forms. At the same time E.P. Thompson is condemned for his 'empiricist' conviction that historical sources have self-evident meanings outside any theoretical perspective. In addition (and surprisingly but consistently) a very sympathetic hearing is given to R.G. Collingwood's theory of history, in particular his view that history deals in human actions and meanings and not in either 'facts' or 'causes'.

Many of the specific points that Paul Hirst makes in these chapters I found convincing enough and I agree almost totally with the politics of the final two chapters (especially the superb analysis of 'Labour's Crisis' which ought to be prescribed reading in every Labour Party ward). But, despite all this, in the end I find *Marxism and Historical Writing* a profoundly mysterious book. I offer some quotations from it by way of example:

> . . . knowledges construct theoretically what will count as evidence. Sometimes . . . they cannot handle what they construct. Domains of evidentialisation differ. There are no brute facts, but products of knowledge which are assessed by the procedures knowledges deem proper.

But, surely, 'knowledges' do not 'construct' or 'handle' or 'deem' anything.

> Significance consists in relative causal weight and its hierarchy is a hierarchy of *causes* . . . Events are confined to their time and the causes acting on them. Once such causes cease to act these events become part of a dead past and if these causes act today then history is not a distinctive knowledge, but the store of examples for a contemporary causal sociology.

But 'causes' do not in fact 'act'; nor do they fail to 'act'.

> This notion of a *real* totality — of which history can give us a 'coherent view' — is a theoretical device whereby other concepts of totality are attacked and displaced. It is a *concept* and one which needs defending theoretically . . .

Concepts, however, do not 'attack' or 'displace' anything, not even other concepts, nor do they require 'defending theoretically'. In other words, concepts are not active subjects. Since they do not assert anything, they do not need arguments or proofs. Assertions require arguments and propositions require proofs.

The question then is how these peculiar quasi-subjects and objects are produced within the Althusserian discourse in which Paul Hirst is still steeped. I think they are produced in two stages: firstly, in moving from transitive verbs 'conceiving', 'knowing' — to abstract nouns — 'concept', 'knowledge'; secondly, having postulated these abstract 'things', by attributing to them characteristics, dimensions, locations etc. It is the first step here which looks so innocent and which so misleads.

Instead of saying that 'people use concepts to know things', Althusser says the 'concepts are used by people to produce knowledge'. This is a deep shift disguised as a synonym. To think of people using concepts gives us a picture of concepts as rather humble tools without severely prescribed functions. I can use a hammer to knock in a nail, but I can also use it to prop open a door. If, however, we see concepts as used by people, this tends to conjure up a picture of concepts as a finite stock of rather imperious things with strictly limited uses. For Paul Hirst, to 'delineate' a concept rigorously is to expose the extent of its meaning, to use it unrigorously is to leave part of its meaning vague; but in both cases the analogy is with discovery of meanings and not with their creation. To write is not to create, it is to analyse a given and to report results.

This view also suggests that the ways in which concepts may be combined are narrowly limited. Whereas if concepts are simple tools (wielded within a huge variety of propositions) then a great deal of the humble and practical activity we call 'knowing' may have far more to do with such propositions than with concepts per se. This in turn suggests that the myriad activities which may be described and accompanied by various forms of the verb 'to know' are very misleadingly expressed by the abstract noun 'knowledge'. The move from 'knowing' to 'knowledge' is Althusser's attempt to turn water into stone.

Althusser's most damaging legacy is a largely implicit picture of language as a thing rather than an action. It is also a picture of people trapped within this thing, rather than a picture of people who speak and write among their many activities. And the structure of Althusser's own discourse mirrors this picture. Like a fly in a spider's web, one may wriggle violently in Althusser, but, as Paul Hirst's book demonstrates, it's awfully hard to break out. □

FICTION

Culture shocks

Grace Ingoldby

Black Robe
BRIAN MOORE *Cape* £8.95
The Island of Crimea
VASSILY AKSYONOV *Hutchinson* £10.95
Foreign Land
JONATHAN RABAN *Collins Harvill* £9.50

THE NORTH AMERICAN Indians and the French Jesuits were ill met. The Jesuits gave the Indians the collective name of *Les Sauvages* and, in turn, were known as 'Fuckpots', 'Blackrobes'. There was deep suspicion of

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The Arts Council intends to award three bursaries of £5,000 to three novelists whose work is of outstanding literary quality and who have had at least one novel published. The bursaries will be given to finance a period of concentrated work on the applicants' next novel.

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The closing date for completed applications is 30 September 1985.

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sorcery on both sides. Slow and caressing torture was part of the Indian religion; the Blackrobes' watery sorcery or baptism was widely misunderstood as the necessary prerequisite for death. The juxtaposition of the beliefs of the early American Indians and the 17th-century Jesuits was pyrotechnic and frequently resulted in death and/or despair.

Brian Moore's latest novel, **Black Robe** (soundly based on the voluminous Jesuit letters or 'Relations' that are the only record of the Indians of this time), follows the journey of Father LaForgue and a young French boy to relieve an old failing priest in a place of sickness and death sustained only by the Christian mission to save souls for a paradise the Indians could not comprehend and did not need. From this distance it seems incredible that the Jesuits, however hot with faith, had the conviction to persevere. LaForgue's belief wavers on this dreadful journey; an ordinary priest who dared to presume he was cut out for martrydom, he is here quite witheringly cut down to size.

This is a compelling and utterly convincing story, as if Moore, so immersed in those first source letters, could not falter or make a false step. It is an inspired, despairing and, at times, quite horrifying 'Can't look!' read, where authenticity and depth of feeling are equally matched. For Europeans to have judged the Indians first as baddies, then as goodies, seems, in the light of it, patronising and naive on both counts. There is little to choose here between Fuckpots and Savages, between one set of beliefs and devils, one heaven in paradise and one on earth. What comes through at the end of this remarkable book is the strength and warmth of the human heart, a concept much easier to grasp than that of the invisible, slippery soul.

Imagine that Crimea is an island, that the White Army had been able to defend it from the Reds in 1920 and that, by the 1980s, it has developed into a flourishing, 'immorally rich' democracy run amok. Free speech, French boutiques, a carnival, sun-drenched atmosphere, an international playground with an internationally influential newspaper, the *Courier*, run by the son of one of the original Whites. In **Island of Crimea**, Aksyonov, a leading Soviet writer now living in America, asks us to imagine all this and then tells the tale of Luchnikov, the editor of the *Courier*, a suave, cashmere-coddled, 46-year-old ex-racing driver, playboy of the Eastern/Western world with a conscience riddled with guilt.

Crimea boasts 40 political parties; Luchnikov's son heads the Yaki youth movement which wants to throw off Mother Russia and develop a multi-national culture of its own; Luchnikov, the man who has everything but peace of mind, decides that what he wants is to lay his head in Mother Russia's lap. His idea, 'The Idea of a Common Fate', is an antidote to the Crimean guilt complex and rests purely on ideals. 'The totalitarian colossus devours the carefree bunny rabbit at the latter's request,' suggests Luchkinov's friend Octopus the Hollywood film mogul, who thinks the Idea of a Common Fate has the makings of a blockbuster film: '. . . a good old-fashioned sweeping epic about the reunification of Crimea and Russia, tragic, lyric, ironic. . . a sure winner.'

But Luchnikov is serious; his ideals have all the hallmarks of a catastrophically mistaken love affair. Menopausal man makes mistakes; in this instance, on a grand scale. Aksyonov pokes serious fun at capitalism and Mother Russia and particularly at the deceits of middle-age. With some of the scope of Llosa, but not quite the bounce, his story is a tragi-comedy where the idealist loses more than his shirt.

SEVERAL OF Aksyonov's male characters are prone, in later years, to the 'sudden rush of a hormonal geyser' leading them off course. George, the central character of Jonathan Raban's **Foreign Land**, suffers the same fate. After 40 happy years in Bom Porto, George is condemned to an early retirement in St Cadix, Cornwall — Wing-Commander Dunnet land; a place of faded ladies, too much drink and gardening; a place with all the makings of a horrible and healthy grave. It's all 'at bit rum' to George, who feels anything but at home. He doesn't understand this England, the 'Fuck Black Pigs — NF' telephone box graffitti, the headlines 'No Divorce for Deirdre and Ken' or the attitudes of the daughter he hardly knows. The geyser bubbles and, unfit and over 60, he sets off again in his own boat in an attempt to approach England again from the sea.

From this point he sends a series of dirty postcards (the only stationery he can get) explaining himself to his daughter. Thanks to the GPO, these cards with George's soul on one side and versions of 'Quick dear before it goes soft!' on the reverse arrive in random order and only serve to confuse and worry his daughter more. In retrospect, Raban, with his ex-navy hero, the foreigner at home, seems to have dealt in stereotypes and yet masterfully to have pulled it off. George, gingerly afloat in gale-force winds, unaware of the symbolic softness in the stern of his craft, singing 'Hands that do dishes stay as soft as your face' as he wills himself along the coast, is just one of the images, funny/sad, that linger long after the last pages of this surprisingly moving book. □

Solidarity in question

Gary Mead

Poland 1981: Towards Social Renewal
PETER RAINA *Allen & Unwin £20*

DID SOLIDARITY ever stand a chance of lasting success or was it inevitable that it would be crushed by armed repression? That remains the crucial question concerning Poland between August 1980 and December 1981. It is an imponderable that Peter Raina prefers to leave to others. Given the massive demonstrations in Poland at the start of May, which reminded the Jaruzelski regime that Solidarity is still very much alive and thrashing, Raina is perhaps wise to remain cautious.

Peter Raina is the author of two earlier books on Poland which, like this, offer a collection of key documents. But, while those are undoubtably invaluable resource materials, this is much less so. What we have here is a gathering of Solidarity and government proposals, draft legislation intended to reform the hopelessly corrupted social base of the country, with brief expositions from Raina himself. Solidarity's famous 'Basic Values and Aims' is present, as are the preliminary versions of new laws on higher education, censorship, private farmers' unions and self-management. All are lengthy, complex and, it must be said, often tediously long-winded documents, reading for the specialist. But we should be grateful for having such a handy research tool readily available.

What I am not grateful for is Raina's own guidance through the period. He is too ready to question the legality and wisdom of some of Solidarity's actions, and at times almost falls into the trap of arguing the regime line, which was always that, as a trade union, Solidarity had no business in delving into such matters as supervision of food supplies, access to mass media and the reform of the legal system, let alone elections to government. In fact, it rapidly became obvious that the Polish state was a seamless web and that to tackle the rights of workers entailed a broad analysis and criticism of the whole of Polish society. Solidarity tried to do what was necessary if the reform was ever to be more than skin-deep. What few concessions it squeezed out were obtained only by almighty efforts, wrung from a government that had proved itself over decades thoroughly mendacious. It is no wonder then that Solidarity was deeply sensitive to the slightest sign from the government that it was dragging its feet over promises already signed at Gdansk in August 1980.

The argument about whether Solidarity overstepped the mark will be with us for many years. I certainly do not think so. What is not in question, however, is that Peter Raina makes claims to knowledge that, as far as I am aware, is not publicly available and this jolts my confidence in him somewhat. He claims towards the end of the book that Jaruzelski decided, at a 'Cabinet' meeting on 23 October 1981, to use force to put an end to Solidarity. Nowhere else have I heard such a specific date mentioned, yet Raina does not say where he has such startling information from. It deserves at least a footnote, even if only to say that his source cannot be revealed. Three pages and three days later he has Jaruzelski still hoping that a negotiated settlement might be possible. On 5 December he has Jaruzelski declaring his intent to use martial law to a meeting of the Politburo, where there was 'no dissenting voice'. How does Raina know this? We are not informed.

In other words, the book is useful but also irritating and occasionally disappointing. It has the seeds of an important analysis, but someone else will have to do it. If anyone can be bothered to wade through the documents presented by Raina, it will be clear just how thorough-going and clear-sighted Solidarity was and how profound a revolution it would have effected had it lived. That's not quite accurate of course — there is, happily, every sign of it still breathing and giving the regime as many problems as ever. □

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Shorter reviews

Wittgenstein
A. J. AYER *Weidenfeld* £14.95

Engineer, schoolteacher, assistant gardener, medical orderly and philosopher, Ludwig Wittgenstein died in 1951 with the parting instruction to 'tell them I've had a wonderful life'. This is an interesting verdict from one who referred to his existence as philosophy professor as 'a kind of living death', three of whose four brothers took their own lives, and who was wont himself to pace about Bertrand Russell's rooms in the small hours threatening imminent suicide.

Ayer does not linger over these details of biography, however, but brings us swiftly to the main business: his aim, he says, is to provide a survey of Wittgenstein's philosophy more accessible to non-specialists than any already available, while offering something of interest to his professional colleagues. One suspects he may have succeeded better in the latter part of this project than in the former, though it should be said that there is little in his overall interpretation and assessment that will come as a surprise. Ayer retains his critical sympathy for the *Tractatus*, but still finds little to please him in the 'later' work, and remains committed to the view, repudiated by Wittgenstein in the *Philosophical Investigations*, that we can frame concepts simply on the basis of our own experience — and thus, in principle, evolve a 'private language' of sensation.

Ayer recognises that in all this he champions unpopular causes, but is less open about possible objections to the constructions he puts on Wittgenstein's arguments. This is one of the reasons, together with the often condensed and allusive nature of his commentary, why his work may not be the ideal introduction for the uninitiate. Part of the problem is a basic lack of empathy: Ayer is resistant not only to much of what Wittgenstein had to say, but also to the enigmatic and elliptical ways in which he said it, and to his somewhat Zen-like conceptions of philosophy's nature and purposes. The effect is to shut us off from qualities essential to the appreciation of Wittgenstein. Ayer reminds us frequently of the brilliance of his thinker, but it does not seem in his power to dazzle us with it.

Kate Soper

Psychological Aspects of Nuclear War
JAMES THOMPSON *British Psychological Society/John Wiley* £5.95
Star Wars: Self-Destruct Incorporated
E.P. THOMPSON and BEN THOMPSON
Merlin £1

Following doctors, philosophers, scientists and others, the psychologists have now spoken on nuclear war. James Thompson's short but dense book — scholarly in reference, scrupulously dispassionate in tone — has been 'adopted as a statement by the Council of the British Psychological Society'. As with the 1983 BMA Report, the politico-military 'experts' are discredited by a more humane and informed view: psychological factors alone make it 'highly unlikely that a civilised society will survive' expected nuclear attacks on the UK in the event of war, yet civil defence preparations virtually ignore the realities of grief, distress and shock.

From this discussion of people's reactions to catastrophe, the argument proceeds through assessments of the risk of 'nuclear error' to an account of what psychological conditions best favour fruitful negotiation (Geneva scores dismally low here).

The dry prose, disconcerting at times, has its own power and authority. But the fundamental question — how much of the behaviour chronicled here is actually sane? — is directly broached, not by the author, but by a former US missile 'launch crew' member, remembering how such a person 'tries not to think about his ultimate responsibility... The launch officer becomes schizoid.'

'Ideological delirium': so E.P. and Ben Thompson diagnose one impulse behind Star Wars. Expectedly witty and caustic (French Defence Minister Charles Hernu is quoted 'continuing the long-established French tradition of prompting NATO in its duties from the outside'), this is above all a most useful activists' manual. From a mass of journalistic and specialist literature, the authors have distilled a clear account of this grandiosely deluded project, placing its technical aspects in their institutional, political and historical context.

M. H. Ryle

A Prose Miscellany
KEITH DOUGLAS ed. DESMOND GRAHAM
Carcanet £8.95

This is an excellently presented selection of Keith Douglas's writing between the age of 12 and his death at 24. Its title is slightly misleading — included are several poems, either in interesting draft or complete, where they occur in letters. Douglas, I think, is far too frequently known only as 'the World War II Poet', as a representative name, often unread. His own view (here revealed) is that interest would be stimulated in his poetry via his narrative *Alamein to Zem Zem*, his really remarkable, dispassionately exacting observation of war at close quarters. I'm sure this is right. This miscellany exists, in turn, principally as a complement to *Alamein* and the poetry.

But that's not to diminish its significance. The letters here, short stories (the 12-year-old's piece is extraordinarily assured), articles and a long draft of part of *Alamein* — all confirm the determinedly brilliant elegance of his composition and testify to the importance of Edmund Blunden's unstinting support for his pupil.

Reams of rot have been written on Why There Were No Great Poets In World War II, Unlike World War I. It's therefore fascinating to read Douglas's own opinion (in May 1943) — that poets felt, after Owen and Sassoon, that they could effectively attempt only tautology; and that the Second World War's mobility was less conducive to writing.

Yet Douglas's own output rather scotches his arguments (and Owen wrote much of his work on leave). Indeed, a year later we find Douglas confidently promising poems to his publisher, practically as a matter of course. Isn't the truth surely that World War II poets merely inherited a more ascetic, less ostentatious style which has rendered them less instantly quotable? For my money, Douglas's poems 'How To Kill', 'Vergissmeinicht' (revealing early versions of which are included here) and 'Landscape with Figures' are more accomplished than anything by Owen. This last poem isn't always printed with its third section, including the line 'Rosenberg, I only repeat what you were saying'. But this miscellany adds compelling evidence of Douglas's originality. An early death blurs, distorts a poet's reputation. Douglas remains underrated as a prose writer *and* a poet, and I hope this collection nudges more readers towards *Alamein to Zem Zem*.

Bill Greenwell

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ART

Prints of darkness and light

John Spurling

Edgar Degas: The Painter as Printmaker
Hayward Annual 1985
Both Hayward until 7 July

IN 1883 ZOLA wrote to a friend who had praised Degas: 'I am not ready to demolish Courbet and proclaim Degas the greatest modern artist . . . He is nothing but a constipated fellow with a very pretty talent.' Roy McMullen, whose long and lively biography of Degas (Secker, £18.50) examines every aspect of the artist's nature, as well as his work and the history of his family and period, agrees that 'he was almost a textbook example of the. . .anal character'. A voracious collector of works of art, Degas also hoarded Norman handkerchiefs and curious canes and the peculiarly secretive passion with which he made sculptures and prints may perhaps be seen as further evidence of the same character. During his lifetime only one of his 150 sculptures was exhibited and only four of his etchings and lithographs were published.

The usual purpose of prints is to achieve a wider distribution, through many identical copies, of an artist's original image; but Degas' purpose in print-making was almost exactly the opposite. He was fascinated by the process itself and his prints were private experiments for their own sake, a kind of artistic alchemy in which an initial image would be put through change after change to see what it would yield, without any idea of a final version, let alone of its public dissemination. The complexity of Degas' character and the reason for his steady emergence as indeed one of the greatest modern artists is well illustrated by Zola's coarse put-down, its superficial accuracy and essential falsity. Degas' 'very pretty talent' was based on as rigorous, persistent and laborious a programme as any artist ever undertook; his 'constipated' nature went with an imagination whose driving instinct for expression was served and organised, but never imprisoned by obstinacy, reticence and thoroughly bourgeois diligence.

Degas' immediate ancestors on both sides were financiers, bankers and merchant entrepreneurs in Naples, Paris and New Orleans. Like so many successful 19th-century bourgeois families they tried to enhance their status with a touch of old class by changing Degas to De Gas and most accounts of Degas' life suggest that they were actually of aristocratic origin. McMullen, however, justifies Degas' own decision to revert to the down-market name (he said he wanted to work and that aristocrats did not work) by pointing out that his paternal great-grandfather was a baker. And just as his art was, in McMullen's phrase, 'a peculiar way of advancing backward into modernism, with eyes fixed on the past', so his *grand bourgeois* bachelor's way of life (with private income, regular social engagements, built-in anti-Semitism and anti-feminism) was modified by republican sympathies at the time of the Franco-Prussian War (in which he helped man the artillery defending Paris); by his leading role in the anti-Salon avant-garde and refusal to entertain any overtures of official patronage; by his friendships with Jews and women; and by the dominant, central subject of his art.

Commentators rightly draw attention to the formal qualities of Degas' work. He was one of the greatest draughtsmen of the human figure precisely because he could also create the space that surrounded and disclosed the figure. He did not, like the landscape Impressionists, work directly from the motif, but reassembled his own scenes in the studio. His bold effects of near and far, of flats and depths, of sideways angles and sharply cut edges give life to the figures by giving life to the way the viewer catches sight of them. And, as the Hayward's exhibition of his prints makes wonderfully clear, the crucial element in this marriage of the figure with its space is, of course, the manipulation of light and shadow.

At the Hayward and in the comprehensively illustrated catalogue raisonné that enhances the exhibition, one can see through successive stages of the same image (22 states of one print, 20 of another) how almost every detail and with them the emphasis and atmosphere of the whole can be altered by tinkering with the light. It's not surprising that the most famous and most striking print of all, a lithograph which satisfied Degas in its first and only state, is *Mlle Bécat at the Café des Ambassadeurs,* a virtuoso evocation of the light of the moon through clouds and trees set off against fireworks streaking the darkness, clusters of globe lamps between the barely visible audience and the sky, a chandelier reflected in a mirror and, radiant in front of all these lesser lights, the performer herself.

For finally it is the figure, or figures, for which all these miraculous effects are created and, as in a play, the purpose is not just to see it, however brilliantly posed, set and lit, but to share its life and feelings. Degas shows the female figure, dancing, singing, bathing, ironing, attending a customer or simply waiting around in a brothel, visiting an art gallery, preparing to perform in a dressing-room; his subject is the act or state of being that female figure in the presence or potential presence of the male observer. It is this dramatic sympathy, this extraordinary crossing of a technical as well as a sexual barrier (for how can a mere flat picture transform a *voyeur* into a *voyée?*) that makes even a Toulouse-Lautrec seem a little simple and two-dimensional beside this 'constipated fellow' with this 'very pretty talent'.

The exhibition includes, besides the main body of prints, a selection of sculptures and monotypes — single prints produced by covering a hard surface with ink, drawn, rubbed, brushed or wiped off as you fancy, and passing it against a sheet of paper through a press. These monotypes are especially free in their handling and especially intimate, revealing, like nothing else in Degas' oeuvre, the enthusiasm and romanticism that are elsewhere so carefully curbed by his formidable technique.

Above: Etching of Degas' sister Marguerite (1860-62); below: detail from *Nude Standing, Drying Herself* (1891-92)

Downstairs, the Hayward Annual has been selected for the first time by a dealer. Nigel Greenwood has evidently been anxious not to include too many of his own stable, but he frankly admits in his catalogue introduction to belonging to a 'lot', a generation of artists and art-lovers whose 'persona' was 'acquired' at the time of Anne Seymour's exhibition *The New Art* at the Hayward in 1972. Although the present show contains such heavyweights as Moore, Bacon and Riley, its true persona seems to peer out from the more tenuous, tasteful or

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bad tasteful, faintly pretentious undergrowth of such as Gilbert and George, Richard Long, Tony Cragg, Stephen Cox and Ian McKeever. It is all nicely laid out; includes leafy and lusciously coloured pottery by Ann Stokes and deep, dark, anthropological photographs by Thomas Joshua Cooper, as well as work by young and unknown artists, and only goes to prove, as the Hayward Annual so often does, that in the contemporary art world we all belong to 'lots' which partly overlap and partly get on one another's wick — to every Zola his Courbet and his Degas — and that, though it is undoubtedly preferable to have one selector rather than a committee, a single 'lot' a year is much too little. What about a Hayward Quarterly? □

THEATRE

Whistle down the wind

Benedict Nightingale

The Overgrown Path
ROBERT HOLMAN *Royal Court*
Today
ROBERT HOLMAN *Pit*

WHO IS ROBERT HOLMAN? That may seem an odd question, not only because he's produced five or six interesting plays in the past seven or eight years, but because he's one of the very few young dramatists you might be able to identify, were someone to surprise you with a random page of his work.

His voice has a distinctive sound: quiet, rather gentle, understated, ruminative. It has often concerned itself with subjects not often aired in our predominantly urban theatre: the condition of the countryside and, especially, of Holman's native North Yorkshire, at times of social and industrial change. What it still sometimes seems to lack is anything solid or urgent to say about the issues on which it touches.

Actually, that can be a refreshing fault, insofar as it's a fault at all. There are playwrights enough — Edward Bond would be the most eminent example — who are only too content to manipulate their audiences along predetermined ideological paths to predestined ideological ends. There's much to be said for writers prepared to stand back, watch, listen and then hand over their tentative discoveries to the audience, leaving it to reach its own conclusions. That was Holman's cautious and canny practice in the excellent *German Skerries*, which involved emotional restlessness among the birdwatching classes, and in *Rooting*, about rural depopulation and kindred problems in pig-farming country, and in *Other Worlds*, about love and rustic superstition in Napoleonic times. If you're looking for authentic yet evocative atmosphere, deftly created character, suggestive situation, then you would do well to stop at his door and sample his fare. But major playwrights, however self-effacing they may seem, tend also to leave you with the feeling that you've encountered a mind, an overriding point of view, an implicit philosophy, or at least a distinctive series of attitudes; and if you came hammering for that at Holman's house, you'd be liable to go away hungry.

His newest plays are unlikely to convince an explorer he's penetrated to the core of Holman, though both are much concerned with one particular subject, namely history. **The Overgrown Path** strikes me as far the less satisfactory, largely because it fails to do what his most plotless and seemingly sketchy pieces have previously achieved, sustain tension and hold the audience's interest. True, we're deliberately kept guessing about why the aspiring young academic from Guisborough wants to worship at the shrine of the white-maned British exile on the Greek island of Tinos; but the two characters just aren't absorbing enough to fill the long, long wait before we learn that the older was one of the putative fathers of the H-bomb, and therefore realise the significance to him of the trip he makes to Nagasaki between acts one and two, along with the wife who is dying of leukaemia.

Something is said about the need for individuals to take personal responsibility for their actions, and therefore for the course of history itself, and rather more about the importance of chance in human affairs. Indeed, the play is packed with examples of outrageous coincidence: a Japanese miraculously survives the A-bomb because she's dived under water at the moment it bursts; the retired physicist's daughter happens to be under the one tree she should have avoided, and is killed by lightning halfway through the second act; her lover turns out to be the would-be academic's long-lost father. Quite what this proves, except that million-to-one shots occasionally come good in life as in lotteries, is hard to say. It's unlikely to change anyone's mind about the nature of history, since even the most rigid of determinists would presumably agree that accidents both happy and unhappy can and do interrupt the long, slow march of event, and the accompanying discussion is too desultory to push the argument beyond that unexceptionable aperçu. The play takes you to the bottom of an intellectual mountain, then leaves you without rope, axe or even decent boots, forlornly looking up.

The intellectual ambitions of **Today** are less apparent, its dramatic ones greater and more thoroughly fulfilled. It starts in Guisborough (where else?) and mainly involves a working-class music teacher and Cambridge-educated composer who is clearly finding the contradictions in his life, sexual as well as social, more and more intolerable. In this he's not alone, because it's the later 1930s and stress and confusion are all around. On comes a dour, laconic gentleman from the bleakness of Newcastle. He's walking to Whitby in hopes of finding his twin brother, a job, anything. Even the local poacher, who has mouths to feed and policemen to evade, is on the brink of breakdown.

Cut to Spain, where he, the twin, the teacher and others have come to find — what? Escape, a papering-over of personal cracks, purpose, meaning, political and emotional maturity? Holman suggests all that is involved, and more; and he does so without being either patronising or sentimental. On the contrary, several scenes show him at his best, assured in observation yet diffident when it comes to drawing conclusions from it, and are finely performed by Bill Alexander's cast. We aren't, it's true, ever entirely sure what Holman thinks of the Spanish Civil War itself, or just what his wandering Geordie means when he cryptically opines, 'It's important, history, our lives.' His eye, ear and heart still make stronger impressions on us than his mind; and yet, given the quality of those impressions, that seems a grudging complaint. If one or two of the lesser plays leave us frustratedly asking the question with which I began — who the hell is Robert Holman? — others are alive enough for his moral and intellectual identity scarcely to matter. □

Among this week's contributors

Joan Smith's *Clouds of Deceit*, on the British nuclear bomb tests in Australia in the 1950s, will be published later this year by Faber.

Grace Ingoldby's first novel, *Across the Water*, was published by Michael Joseph this spring.

DANCE

Man appeal

Stephanie Jordan

Royal Ballet
Royal Opera House
London Contemporary Dance Theatre
Sadler's Wells
Michael Clark and Company
Theatre Royal, Bath

WITHOUT DOUBT, the major excitement at the reappearance of the **Royal Ballet** at Covent Garden resulted from the debut of Mikhail Baryshnikov as Belaiev in Ashton's *A Month in the Country*. He promised to be a presence and,

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with Antoinette Sibley, also new to the ballet, to contribute to a partnership that would revivify a work long devoid of theatrical lustre. The first Beliaev, Anthony Dowell, created the mould for most other subsequent interpretations: gentle, inward, poetic, dominated by love for the bored wife of Yslaev. Baryshnikov eschewed Dowell's reading to create a fellow, jolly and consequently popular with the whole family, especially the girls, superb in performance of folk steps, a useful individual to enliven things down at the *dacha*.

But his conception of the part is flawed. Thinking more of Turgenev than of Ashton may be a sensible way of looking at the raw, unfinished boy thrust into adulthood by the older woman's attentions, but the choreography limits interpretative possibilities. In the critical solo introducing Belaiev, Ashton choreographed to bring poetry out of the unique, full, relaxed curves of Dowell's upper back and arms. It doesn't work without something of this quality. Baryshnikov, over-eager, got nowhere near it. He may well settle down and let the steps speak. Sibley was right from the start, aristocratic, volatile, enraptured and languorous, able to draw from Baryshnikov a considerate passion, a thoroughly convincing characterisation by the time their *pas de deux* arrived.

Siobhan Davies's *Bridge the Distance* is an examination of an older man's sensibilities, the central role taken by the **London Contemporary Dance Theatre**'s Patrick Harding-Irmer. The piece imparts a sense of Venice twice removed, through Britten, whose accompanying Third String Quartet is itself a partial distillation of his opera *Death in Venice* (the last movement is subtitled *La Serenissima* and quotes the opera's barcarolle *leitmotif*). David Buckland's front-cloth contains Venetian pictorial allusions, a scrap of the score, faces and names, and rises on a group in Edwardian costume, gathered on the stone-grey ground that suggests Venice's bright piazzas. The title implies another component of Thomas Mann's novella: the distance between people, be it of language, custom or, crucial to Davies's piece, age. There is an Aschenbach character and surrounding partnerships like the fractious but desperately interdependent married couples acting out their social routines. The possible Tadzio (Jonathan Lunn), oblivious of the older man, remains a fleeting impression in a unison duet, set to a brief, climactic musical unison at the conclusion. There is no narrative; Davies allows room for the integrity of a dance structure, giving it the chance to carry its unique meanings and allusions in five distinct sections.

Harding-Irmer's central solo leads nowhere, a true soliloquy of expressive gestures, many being hand movements, some reaching, unfolding, some self-protective, hesitant, a man travelling and halting in his tracks. There is an outburst that suggests someone ambitious for humanity, looking into the distance, the artist who looks beyond himself and his immediate milieu. But then, again, he is the desolate individual, powerless to communicate his vision.

Davies draws new, important potential from Harding-Irmer. As she has done in her other company, *Second Stride*, she uses a mature dancer precisely for the qualities that his knowledge and experience alone can bring to the stage.

Themes spill over across the different stages of **Michael Clark**'s output as they did in Jasper Johns's (his digits) or Francis Bacon's (his screaming popes). His Company still assumes the Leigh Bowery shakos and the imaginatively choreographed platform boots first glimpsed in *Flippin' 'Eck* (1983), used again last year in *New Puritans*. At first a duet for Clark and Ellen van Schuylenburch, augmented to a half-programme piece for his foursome, *Puritans* is now the core of a full-length piece, *not H.AIR*. Early ideas survive, like the goldfish consuming or the string pulled from Clark's arse, while others have been adopted en route, like the projectile sliced loaf. The deployment of the dildo is a more recent event, an additional black variety introduced during Clark's sojourn with Scottish Ballet. We understand that *not H.AIR* is to disappear, but I doubt if it will entirely. This creative chain-effect seems particularly successful here as the newest material seen in the comely Theatre Royal, Bath (did I perceive a blush on the Bath stone?), was the best. Not periwigs, but wigs of all kinds abound. The bare bums are still there, only beaming brighter (summer uniform?), Matthew Hawkins looking somewhat ill at ease, performing a series of Don Basilio sketches.

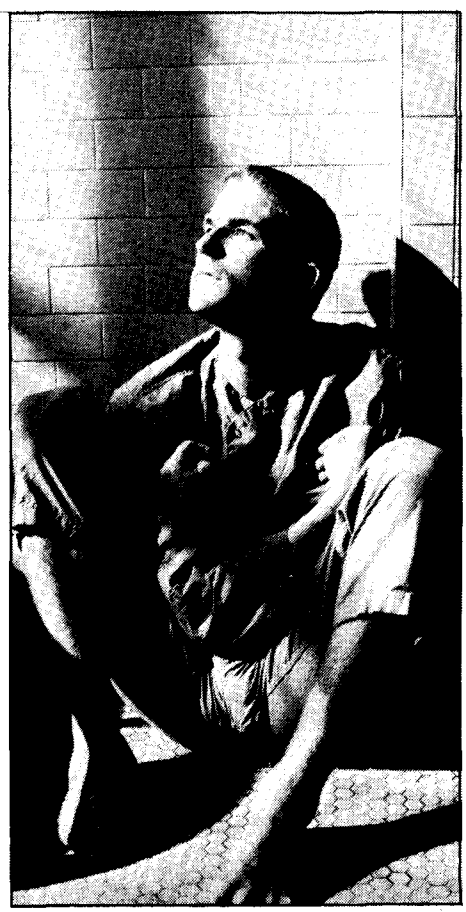
French commentators have described Clark as *'un Ecossais de style* skinhead', which seems an apt if rather limited term for the unpredictable and insolent succession of events from which sprout instances of dazzling movement (here most strikingly in Clark's Highland/tap/Russian dance in dressing gown and Y-fronts), classicism and wit. Clark constructs movement well enough and, unusually among his peers, has his very own firmly etched style. But this is not the aspect of his work that is developing right now. His is the sort of wonderful, haphazard genius that, like Monty Python, you either adore or shrink from. The Bath crowd adored it. □

FILMS

On wings of imagination

John Coleman

Birdy (15)
Odeon, Haymarket
Silver City (15)
Chelsea Cinema; Screen on Baker Street
A View to a Kill (PG)
Odeon, Leicester Square



Who's a pretty boy, then? Matthew Modine as *Birdy*

ALAN PARKER's **Birdy** is a hugely audacious movie, taking on the romantic-obsessional weight of William Wharton's extraordinary novel and coming close to holding it head-high during two hours of screen time. The fantasy, which sends down strong ground-roots at important junctures, centres on the absolute conviction of a Philadelphia lad, son of bemused working-class parents, that birds have the best of it and that man can learn to fly. In his adolescent exploits this single-minded Birdy is gamely if argumentatively backed up by an admiring macho buddy, Al Columbato.

After the end of World War II — and this is how the book opens — both young men are psychic and physical casualties. Bandages covering severe facial wounds, Al is sent from Fort Dix to a military hospital where his pal crouches mutely in a sort of cell, near-catatonic, beyond the reach of the resident psychiatrist Dr Weiss. It is Al's task to talk and taunt Birdy back into the land of the living. As he chatters desperately on, recalling old times, the novel offers equal space to Birdy's unspoken thoughts and memories and dreams.

Parker and his scriptwriters Sandy Kroopf and Jack Behr have inevitably made readjustments. The bloody horrors of war are updated to Vietnam and very nasty they are too. Apart from scraps of voice-over, Birdy's habitation of another world — in which he talks to his beloved canary Perta and even makes love to her — is ruthlessly curtailed. (Some might think, no great loss.) And his incredibly detailed annotations of bird behaviour, speculations and experiments are similarly reduced. For all the

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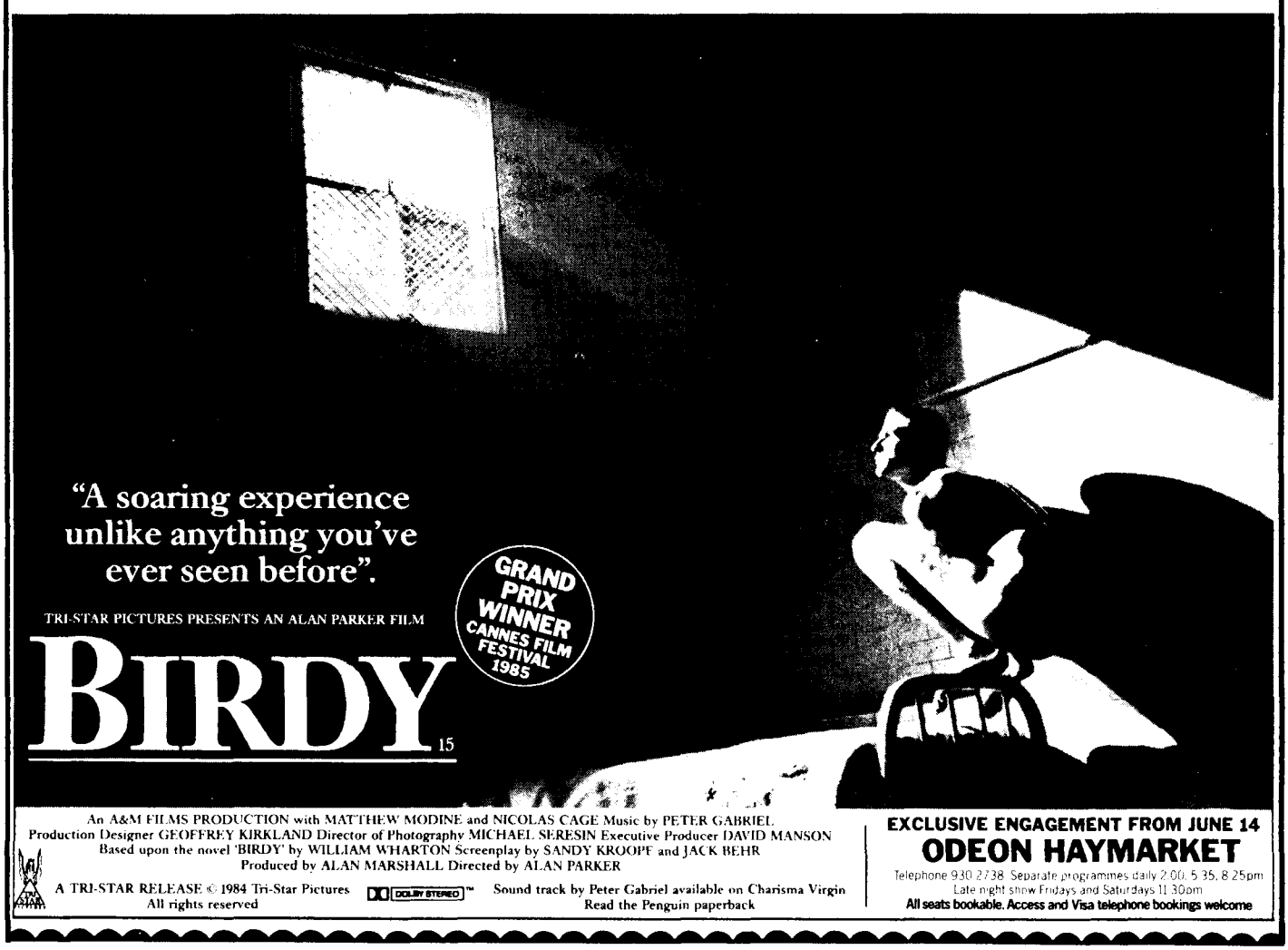
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BIRDY
15

An A&M FILMS PRODUCTION with MATTHEW MODINE and NICOLAS CAGE Music by PETER GABRIEL
Production Designer GEOFFREY KIRKLAND Director of Photography MICHAEL SERESIN Executive Producer DAVID MANSON
Based upon the novel 'BIRDY' by WILLIAM WHARTON Screenplay by SANDY KROOPF and JACK BEHR
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oddity of it, we have a more acceptable *Birdy*. And, as the film commutes between now and the past, it is fascinating to note how Al and Birdy alike share facets of that much earlier phoney-detector for a generation, Holden Caulfield of Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. This is Al on the doctor/major Weiss (played with beautiful ambiguity by John Harkins): 'I don't trust that guy. Everything's too interesting to him.'

Matthew Modine as gentle, innocent-eyed Birdy and Nicolas Cage as swaggering Al heading for a come-uppance could hardly be bettered, rigorously filling out their roles. One shot of Modine, tautly perched on his bed-rail at night, compensates for a lot of words. And, throughout, the piece is unusually well conceived in terms of telling and breathtaking images. The kids start out as pigeon-collectors and the sequence involving Birdy's fall or flight (as he insists) from a towering gas tank is properly magical. Even more so are the subjective sequences of flying as we swoop low along bleak stretches of fence and wasteland to zoom over an inhabited street or two and soar eventually up to the desired sky. This is inspired technique at the service of imagination, part of the cinema's special business.

They have a pretty rugged upbringing (Al's Mafia-connected pa being a particular thug), macabrely laced with comedy. For a while, they become dog-catchers under an inept boaster who nets the tiniest pooch claiming, 'That's the leader.' Then the dogs become dogmeat; and it's a grisly moment. Birdy's cantankerous ma has a quaint habit of hanging on to any baseball thwacked into her garden from a neighbouring patch of ground. These are to reappear, following a wild request of Al's, much later, spilling out of a suitcase delivered to Birdy's cage-like hospital room. That innocence of the canary-orientated youth has him uninterested in girls and their bodily formation. With a couple of lasses in tow at a fairground, Birdy enthusiastically claps a fat freak, Zimmy the Human Fish, as he holds his breath under water for six minutes, subsequently making his own attempts at non-respiration while his date yawns. Poor big-bosomed Doris releases her largest offers after a school Prom, to receive a perfunctory if well-intentioned tug at one of them.

Birdy is always in training to become something physically other than an earth-bound human. Whereas Al, of course, with a bullying father goading him, is destined to find himself wanting faced with the terrors of battle. It is his crack-up, in fact, poured out in a verbal gush at his mate as he hugs him that brings about the breakthrough. 'Al,' suddenly croaks Birdy, 'sometimes you're so full of shit.' And they escape to the roof, where what proposes to be a last suicidal shot at taking wing provides a farcical happy ending.

Sophia Turkiewicz's **Silver City**, being about the experiences of Polish immigrants arriving to encampments in post-war Australia, the hostility they encountered as 'bloody Balts' and their natural let-down at having to put in two years at menial jobs before moving up the ladder, is best in dramatising such situations in small details. Unfortunately, its core is a conventional and rather embarrassingly acted affair between selfish Nina (Gosia Dobrowolska) and married Julian (Ivan Kants). They break up and meet 13 years later on a train, draining a dismal cup of coffee together to its dregs. What happens around them goes for infinitely more. If John Glen's **A View to a Kill**, the latest Bond nonsense, is where the 007 series is now at, it might just as well be the last. Time was (*Doctor No, From Russia with Love, Goldfinger,* for starters — which they were) when one could tune down the mind, lean back and enjoy. To submit to this tired old offer would be tantamount to accepting a mental rape. □

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Amadeus Peter Shaffer's rich, vulgar and potent fantasy about mediocrity's revenge on genius, sumptuously directed by Milos Forman, with F. Murray Abraham outstanding as Salieri and Mozart's music cascading from the screen.

A Private Function Blissful and British double first as Michael Mowbray steers top-notch cast through puncturingly word-perfect Alan Bennett comedy set in 1947 Yorkshire. Nagged by social-climbing wife, meek chiropodist gets revenge on local unworthies by stealing black-market pig. (Maggie Smith, Michael Palin).

Beverly Hills Cop Brilliant young Eddie Murphy (*48 HRS, Trading Places*) hoists workaday hunt-the-cocaine thriller into compulsive viewing.

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warp Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

JAZZ

Reluctant hero

Charles Fox

Lester Young
DAVE GELLY *Spellmount* £3.95
Prez
Battersea Arts Centre

SOME REMOTE tribes believe that being photographed steals a portion of the soul. Lester Young felt something very similar when, at the end of the 1940s, he found himself surrounded by ardent young imitators. Up-and-coming saxophonists such as Stan Getz, Allen Eager and Paul Quinichette all based their styles upon how Young had sounded a dozen years earlier. 'They're picking the bones while the body's still warm,' was Young's pained response.

That remark scarcely fits the image of Lester Young as the gentlest of jazz innovators, yet it indicates the concern the musician felt when — as he saw it — his voice was being borrowed. That kind of hyper-sensitivity is discussed by Dave Gelly in what is, surprisingly, the first biography of Young to appear — despite the fact that the saxophonist died over a quarter of a century ago. The book may be slim — 94 pages of text, discography and pictures — and yet it describes Young's career sensibly and succinctly: its early triumphs, the later despondency.

A saxophonist himself, Gelly analyses, without fuss or pedantry, some of the solos that stick in the memory (the one on Count Basie's 'Taxi War Dance' lasts for no more than 35 seconds, yet, as Gelly points out, belongs beside Armstrong's 'West End Blues' and Parker's 'Ko Ko'). And Young, as an innovator, did not fit tidily into jazz history. He was, in a way, an exception to the general rule, not complicating or altering harmonies but rambling like a free spirit within the status quo.

When he died, in a hotel room on Broadway, over-looking Birdland, Lester Young still felt wounded by his father sacking him from the family band that played at carnivals and in minstrel shows during the early 1920s. And shyness explains the elaborate private language that Young invented (lexicographers should note that he was the first man to use 'bread' as a synonym for money). He kept up a habit of detaching himself from situations that promised to be troublesome. All the more ironic, therefore, that in 1944 Young spent ten months in a US army detention barracks (when being inducted he had innocently admitted to having smoked pot daily for the previous 11 years). Yet Gelly refutes the simplistic view that this experience caused the change in Young's playing, a creeping indolence that contrasted with the optimistic buoyancy of earlier times.

No jazz musician led a more secretive or enigmatic life. Which is why Lester Young — 'Prez', short for President, as Billie Holliday nicknamed him — makes an improbable operatic hero. Plotting an opera calls for broad brush-strokes, said Alan Plater when *The South Bank Show* took a look at *Prez* the weekend before its four-day run at Battersea. Young's original solos, either transcribed by Bernie Cash for a sextet or re-created — authentically yet freshly — by Stan Robinson, retained their elegance even at second-hand (Robinson, a tenor saxophonist who often gets overlooked, sounded equally impressive when improvising his own solos).

But fitting words to Lester Young's phrases was not a good idea. Eddie Jefferson started doing that sort of thing in the 1940s, followed by King Pleasure and eventually by the trio of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross. All very hip but usually shallow too. Alan Plater did no better. And while Alan Cooke sounded fairly relaxed as Lester Young, Carol Kenyon was handed the impossible task of representing Billie Holliday (she coped far better singing 'Lover Man' as herself after the interval). A pity that all the enthusiasm and affection could not capture in dramatic terms what Gelly calls 'the devious candour' underlying Young's life as well as his magic. □

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Cliff Harper

Do-it-yourself drinking

Steve Pinder

'FANCY A PINT?' 'Yes please.' 'I make it myself.' 'Ah. Um. . .any scotch around?'

To most people, home brewed beer and wine is strained through old tights, made from unspeakable ingredients and smells and tastes like something the cat did behind the fridge last month.

Wrong. Home brewing is a fast-expanding home-interest practised by hundreds of thousands of people of all ages and from all walks of life. Currently, around £100m a year is spent. Thirty per cent of this goes to Boots, but all around the country, there are countless home-brew shops that offer a wider range of goods (not to mention expertise — here's the plug, The Two Brewers in Forest Hill, London). There are also magazines full of recipes and hints and a publishing house devoted to the subject.

Most people begin with kits, both for wine and beer. Within a few weeks, if you've followed the instructions, you'll have a drinkable pint or glass. Then comes the time to decide if you're happy with that or want to strike out into the world of original ingredients, making your own recipes up and risking the very rare disaster.

But no matter which path you take, the attraction is the same (writing as the purveyor of Pinder's Perfect Pint, a slightly hopped beer that emulates Kent's excellent Shepherd Neame brewery's beers). For a total investment of around £30 (excluding bottles) you're away on equipment and, for beer, the cost means you're making a 20p pint. And no, the kitchen doesn't stink for ever, bottles don't explode and so long as everything's sterilised, no vinegar. And no additives if you use original ingredients.

And not just a financial attraction. As somebody who, at school, was steered away from art and woodwork to English and geography, I find there's the satisfaction of 'making' something with my hands. There's the satisfaction of offering pals a pint I'm proud of having brewed, never having to panic about pub or offie opening times and trying new recipes (my bible is Ken Shales's *Brewing Better Beers*; once you've got over the language barrier of 'worts' and 'sparging', it's simplicity itself. Just beware his Yuletide Ale, strong enough to fell an ox but innocuous in taste).

The same goes for wine. Our friends Andrea and Fish (no, he doesn't drink like one) make up both basic kits of red and white wine for everyday drinking but also make their own rose-petal wine, which has the fragrant delicacy of the best rosé and the afterbite of a good Chablis, or strawberry, sweet and dry to the tongue at the same time and a warm reminder of summer in November.

And as a sign of the growing market, there's the introduction of 'mixer' kits. They taste like rum and coke, Southern Comfort and lemonade, gin and tonic but slightly mispell the name of the spirit (rhum, gyn) since what you make is the percentage equivalent in alcohol of the volume of fluid you would achieve by buying the equivalent spirit in a pub and adding the appropriate mixer. Experience of two different kits suggests they're eminently drinkable (one word of advice — chuck the colorant/flavour and top up with 7-Up, orange juice or whatever) and by the time you read this, I'll be trying Mississippi and Lemonade which suggests comfort on the banks of that river in the Southern States.

Converted now? If so, your best bet is either to buy a full beginners' kit for wine or beer from Boots or to look in your Yellow Pages for the address of your local home-brew shop where you'll be expertly guided. Good luck and cheers. I'll leave you with two ironies. You have two Tory governments to thank for the growth of home-brewing. In 1963, the then Home Secretary, Reginald Maudling, legalised the burgeoning but illicit hobby. And Thatcher's destruction of jobs has meant that the only way men and women can enjoy a drink is by making it themselves. Will they ever return to the pubs, the offie and the supermarket's shelves? □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Bad show

ENGLAND CAPTAIN Douglas Jardine was pelted with cricket balls as a lad, so he naturally wants to do it back to the colonies when he grows up. After all, what are colonies for? On the voyage out his seasick fast bowlers run round and round the deck while someone plays 'To be a pilgrim' on the ship's organ.

David Puttnam had wanted to make a film of the famous 1932-33 tour of Australia with an Australian Australian and an English English team, but this was too much for the Australians, who wanted to act both teams themselves — and who do so preposterously in the Aussie **Bodyline** (BBC-2). Anyone switching on in mid-ocean could have been forgiven for wondering which way the ship was sailing, until they heard the colourful native greeting 'Go home y' pommie buggers' from the welcoming committee. 'Gentlemen, we are entering the land of the barbarian,' says Jardine, with a strong South African accent.

'We are here to preach the gospel of British fair play as developed in its national sport,' the team's manager tells the press, and Jardine agrees with him: 'I want you to bowl short,' he tells his men, 'so that it rises up at the batsmen.' He demonstrates his theory by means of a piece of bread and a glass of wine. The glass (later played by various members of the Australian team with broken heads) falls over and stains the tablecloth. 'Hmmm,' muses an old stringer. 'Five fast bowlers. What have they got in mind, I wonder.' A spot of fast bowling perhaps?

Sam Neil lookalike Hugo Weaver was obvious casting for the satanic Jardine and Damien the only possible model for his performance. But the Australians enjoy playing Englishmen as Hollywood extras left over from the 'Thirties and team member Percy Fender is actually given a monocle and a ukelele to play. Bob Wyatt, vice-captain of the tour in question, appearing one morning last week on **Breakfast Time** (BBC-1), was surprised at this: 'Never did I see Percy with an eyeglass or a ukelele.' According to Wyatt, who should know, leg theory or 'bodyline' was not pre-planned at all. 'We had a bit of rain and the ball lifted a bit and

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Bradman didn't like it. When Jardine came back from fishing I told him this.'

It becomes clear that what we have in *Bodyline* is a kind of Black and White Minstrel Show version of events, with the Brits as the savages for once. And why not? However, it was awkward having an actual Indian, the great Nawab of Pataudi, singing on the English side, so *Bodyline* has him begging Jardine to see reason and getting sacked in mid-tour for his pains. Again, 'I don't remember Pataudi saying anything about it till the end of the tour,' Bob Wyatt told Frank Bough.

Meanwhile, a trench has been dug for the camera so that it can get low enough to look up from the feet of Don Bradman, Jesus Christ of the Straight Bat and the Flexed Jaw. Clad all in white raiment, the well-named Gary Sweet plays Don rather like Robert Taylor in *Ivanhoe*, touring the ground on a white charger and offering his girlfriend his scarf on the end of his lance. Larwood runs up and doesn't bowl at him, but he is out for a duck just the same.

What to do? Although Gallipoli seems to be the great example to the Aussie team, there is doubt as to how they should respond to leg theory. 'An eye for an eye,' say some. 'Those who die by the sword, live by the sword,' think others. Now comes The Don's famous 'Sermon in the Pavilion' with its 'baggy green cap' motif. That clinches it. Even if it means running up and not bowling, the way England do, Australia will play cricket! 'Play it sweet . . . take our medicine . . . After all, that's what made this country what it is today.'

There is much confusion about apologies, telegrams to Lords and whether the word 'unsportsmanlike' should be 'withdrawn'. The British Empire falls apart along the seam of a cricket ball and is stitched back together again by the dignity of the Australians, who, unlike TV critics everywhere, 'won't dignify Bodyline by retaliation'. On or off the screen a cricket century has never seemed so cataclysmic an event. The camera bows down and worships The Don and one man throws his sheepdog in the air, an old Oz custom indicating approval. Bradman, batting without his 'baggy green cap', hits England for six to music from *Chariots of Fire*, but England take home The Ashes.

Jardine's bravery among the heathen has been an eye-opener for his girlfriend back home. 'I've been offered a position in Palestine,' she tells him, 'so I suppose this is goodbye.' Can she be off to take the gospel of bodyline to the Arabs?

After she has left, Douglas Jardine has an affair with Gracie Fields. At any rate, their names appear in linked hearts scratched on a tombstone in the Cricketer's Graveyard in Casa Blanca, as told of in Peter Tinniswood's **Tales From a Long Room** (C4). The graveyard was apparently established to cater for any MCC missionaries to the dark continent who happened to run into non-believing non-cannibals en route, likewise for any pilgrims who met a similar fate on their way home from the Dominions to visit Lords. The programme is a pleasantly anachronistic reminder that an amusing story is at least as worthwhile as a half-baked mini-series. The same is true of **The Sullivans** (ITV), the addictive Australian lunchtime soap opera set in Sydney and Europe during WW2. □

Naseem Khan

Look ahead

THIS is an article that shouldn't have been written. I hadn't planned to. I'd scheduled this week for Alex Clarke and the Scottish TUC. After all, I reasoned, the publication of the first major report on Arts and Disabled People — under the name of Richard Attenborough, no less — would surely be so newsworthy that, by the time my deadline let me at it, it would all have been chewed over. Not so. In fact, if I had 5p for every person who didn't know that last week marked the appearance of *The Arts and Disabled People* (Bedford Square Press for Carnegie UK Trust £4.95), I could probably, by now, be halfway to Rio de Janeiro.

The silence, of course, is not inapposite. The disabled, or 'disabled people', the Report's preferred term — its authors believe 'that the humanity all hold in common is of more fundamental importance than any differentiation by reference to physical or mental incapacity' — have never been hot news. Nor, alas, have the arts. Marry them together and you make a project that all too many people would consider worthy but dull.

This is a pity because the report deals with a far greater slice of the population than is commonly supposed — the generally accepted statistic of one in ten can be argued to be too low — and because much of the arts work associated with this area is extraordinarily striking both in its innovative nature and the dedication of its perpetrators. Good things abound. There is the sound sculpture park in East London, for instance, for children with disabilities; there's the lively-minded work of the team of artists in Manchester hospitals; there are performance groups drawn from the mentally and physically handicapped that make the able-bodied realise what insights can be offered.

The new report details some of these. But its purpose is naturally not so much to celebrate good practices as to suggest ways in which they should become the norm. This is no easy matter. Institutions, structures, organisations and, not least, attitudes have grown up over the decades with the idea more of control than of exploration. The odds are weighted at almost every turn against disabled people in the arts — as consumers, participants, employees. Concert halls, arts centres, theatres are inaccessible. Training courses and employment opportunities discriminate. Funding criteria are inapposite.

At the root is a type of selective tunnel vision that cuts out the existence of the disabled, in much the same way that institutional racism has cut out black people. The Attenborough report carefully rejects rhetoric or claims of discrimination in the interests of broad-based suggestions over a wide field: from basic problems of access (the DoE should draw up building regulations making accessibility to the disabled obligatory for arts buildings) to funders (the Arts Council should make good practice a criterion for funding) to — a major area — the Health Service (District Health Authorities should designate arts officers) to the role of the TUC. It looks to the future, arguing from the base of what has been proved possible. The ideas in it and the thinking behind it will provide meat for debate for years to come. And the thrust of the report, with its equal respect for disabled people as potential creators and consumers, is welcome. Let us get away, say Anne Pearson and Carolyn Keen, current administrator for the project and her predecessor, from the idea that all that's at stake is ramps and hand-rails.

Ramps and hand-rails are not words that you'd hear in the work of either Strathcona Theatre Company or Matchbox Theatre. Both of them groups working with disabled people, their aims and approaches are so varied as to give a useful indication of the richness of the field. Strathcona, when I went to see it, was busy with *Tonight at Eight* in the day centre that its young, mentally handicapped cast attends. Based on weekly workshop improvisation, the show was scripted by its two directors. At its heart, said Joan Greening, is the way the students see their own lives, but parallel is a concern they had with drought in Africa.[1]

Matchbox Theatre has just finished a run of *Beaker and Jug*, a two-hander by John Ladle (the group's lynch-pin) that is essentially a gentle and warming view of potential human growth[2]. While Strathcona's work is performed by the students themselves, Matchbox draws its material, but not its personnel, from the world of mental handicap. In fact, the concerns in its recent show are not that different from those of the world writ large: the games people play to keep fear at bay, how the acceptance of weakness can turn into strength, the point at which defensive walls can turn into containing walls, the place of tenderness. In general, though, said Ladle, the work that Matchbox took round hospitals, schools and centres was designed to offer 'the simple ingredients of the universal story': tales with indications of change, growth, transformation. Ideally, performance for mentally handicapped audiences is followed by workshops, but Matchbox wants to confine itself as little as does Strathcona to a staple diet of 'trade circuit' venues. Both groups feel strongly that they should be seen by and as part of society at large. In that, they are in accord with the feel of the new report.

Whether the Attenborough Report will result in more money and status for Strathcona and Matchbox and others in the field is unlikely in the short run. The report's recommendations taken together suggest a broad, slow process of diffused change. At the same time Carnegie, knowing how the world fudges, has sensibly built in a year's monitoring. Reports may win battles, but it is the follow-up that is necessary if they are also to win the war. □

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[1] *Strathcona's* Tonight at Eight *can be seen at London's Tricycle Theatre (01-328 8626) from 19-22 June.*

[2] *Matchbox can be contacted at the Diorama, 14 Peto Place, London NW1 (01-487 5450).*

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Weekend competition

No 2877 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Sir John Betjeman, as readers well know, got one of his best-loved poems from a tennis match. Could we have poems by other famous poets inspired, perhaps, by a darts match, a game of snooker, an egg-and-spoon race. . . Max. 12 lines by 26 June.

No 2874 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

The sales talk of the American cop recently found to be moonlighting as an Avon cosmetics representative.

Report **By Rosie Hughes**

I know that Mr McBain and Mr Chandler (whose styles were suggested to you) weren't the most *liberated* literary sexual politicians — but I think, my treasures, that some of you sprang at the chance to be rude and aggressive to women with saddeningly playground exuberance. Ten pounds a head for the wittier, more intelligent entries below.

I hit the bell push. The two tones made a descending major third. I liked it.

The blonde looked like any other blonde with plenty to cover and not too much to cover it with. She smelled like a million dollars. I had to make her smell like 85 cents.

I snapped open the case. 'Ever see these before?'

Her eyes narrowed. 'Wrong house, mister.'

'Save that,' I said, and took out the bath salts. They went over big. They always do.

'Aren't they kind of expensive?' she said.

'They smell cheap enough to me, kid,' I snapped. 'Now do you buy it, or do we let the DA buy it for you?'

She looked over my shoulder. I guessed, too late, where her husband was. I smelt the family-size stick deodorant, but I didn't see it. The black pool opened up, and it smelled of blue gardenia.

CHRISTOPHER HALSALL

Marlowe: Avon calling.
Housewife: (*Surprised*) I usually have a lady. . .
M: So do I ma'am, but rarely before sundown. However, I have been known to weaken in emergencies.
HW: Emergencies?
M: A fifth of bourbon or a very springy mattress.
HW: (*Unpleasantly*) Are you. . .a gigolo?
M: I haven't quite completed the home-study course for gigolos, but I do have the macassar oil, alligator pumps and plastic fleurs-de-lis to pin on the lapel of my Cornell smoker. . .
HW: I'd rather talk to a woman.
M: Relax, I'm almost a transvestite. If you're not too fussy about the moustache, I'll slip into a Balmain cat-suit that'll slay you.
HW: Sorry.
M: Okay. . .so I'll give you a crack at my body before you spend a single buck. . .Howzat?
HW: Drop dead.
M: If you're anxious about your old man catching us in flagrante delicto, I know this high-class flop-house. . .
HW: Bastard.
M: I've just had a three-star Wassermann result. . .
HW: (*Slams door*)
M: (*Wearily*) Dames. . . .

RUSSELL LUCAS

Lady, I am Nathan Detroit, seeking to earn a few potatoes from peddling cosmetics, which is no little and quite some urgent shuffle on account of I owe numerous coconuts from crap-shooting to a certain gangboss who is no altar-boy and promises to place me in East River wearing concrete bootees if I do not produce.

Lady, I do not give you the old ackaramackus but his Magic Mascara gives you black eyes like you never had, being 95.5% pure Oil of Ebony and guaranteed that should your ever loving guy throw a seven in a car crash tonight you can snivel and blubber till dawn completely free from smudge worries.

No?

OK. You want skin moisturiser? I got the wettest merchandise in the business, each jar made from 25 ripe cucumbers. . .

No?

Lady, surely a swell doll like you wishes to arome? I gotta parfum makes you smell in five different keys. One whiff and the guy's a schmuck he does not paw the ground. . .

No?

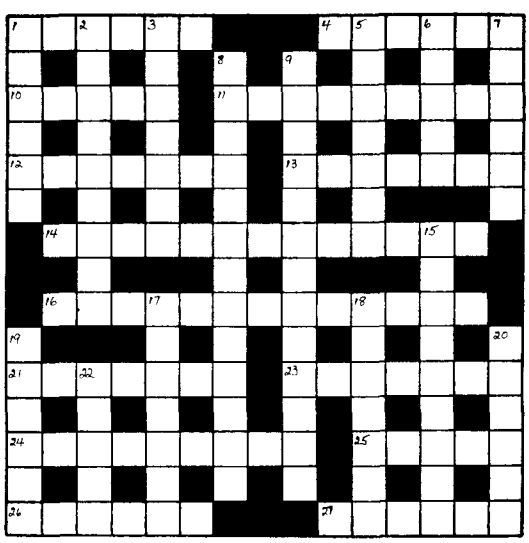
GERRY HAMILL

All right now, listen, lady. You may think you need lipstick like a polar bear wears sandals, but I got a stash of crimson here the colour of a cleaver covered in fresh jugular. You see this smudge here? It's so bright, I can tell you what group it is. This is B positive, lady, and that's my advice to you, too. You see this badge. I didn't get it for confusing no scrub mask with no dental floss. I got a blusher here that'd make an average cadaver look lively in under two seconds, I got mascara about as liable to run as a statue surrounded by seventeen marksmen, and I got highlighters, shadows, toners and balms that don't only sweeten your face: lady, they make up your mind.

WILL BELLENGER

Weekend Crossword 1482

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1482, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 25 June.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

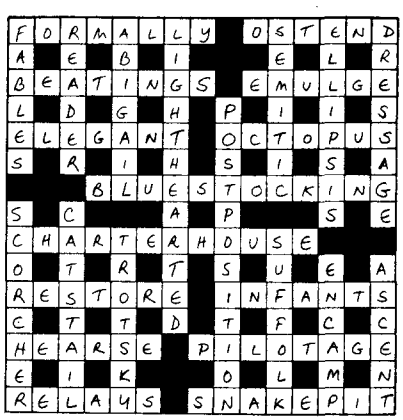
1. Writing about a fresh rise for savers (6)
4. Presents the treasure chests after a hundred has been removed (6)
10. Honour it is little credit to possess (5)
11. The loved one enters into a game with gratitude (9)
12. A lot of women do get married when they have lost their husbands (7)
13. In a head wind leading runners grow feeble (7)
14. Learner given vulgar talk in victory design (6,7)
16. In spite of being pedestrian, he understands what others are thinking (13)
21. Wintry feature which provides no convenience in a cold period (7)
23. Choked when something to eat goes back into a lump (7)
24. Take home a pill and crush it for a songster (9)
25. States of weather, mind (5)
26. A backward male got it wrong (6)
27. Somewhere to stay with lots of bars (6)

DOWN

1. Relative cries of birds (6)
2. Ford crashes into smart aircraft (9)
3. Restoration incorporating the modern in the authentic (7)
5. Shopkeeper who almost has learning in his hand (7)
6. Creature that makes a musical note in death (5)
7. He cuts figures out of a streak (6)
8. Lie about 1 down's anagram being a person outside the store (13)
9. Upper-class person holds assistant back for doctor (13)
15. Gives fresh employment to fruit which has been topped (9)
17. No clues needed to open up this one (7)
18. Someone else who is a male? (7)
19. Flower which is like work (6)
20. Inventor gives up end of game (6)
22. It goes on and on about one and makes one cry (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1480



Prizewinners to 1480

D. W. Dohrn (Abertridwr, Mid-Glam.)
James Montgomery (Edinburgh)
Rowenna Trayhern (Buckhurst Hill, Essex)

The solution and prizewinners to 1481 will appear next week.

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★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

USDAW WOMEN'S OFFICER

The Union of Shop, Distributive & Allied Workers is to appoint a Women's Officer to be based at the **Union's Central Office in Manchester.**

The major responsibility of the Women's Officer will be to work with the Union's national and divisional women's committees, with full-time and lay officials and with members, to increase the participation of women at every level within the Union.

Applicants, preferably **aged over 25**, should be able to demonstrate a record of activity within the Trade Union Movement and experience of development work with women preferably in a trade union context.

The appointment will be made at Departmental Head level with a salary of **£13,092 p.a.** (plus an additional taxable sum of **£756**) with attractive holiday provisions and contributory superannuation scheme.

Applications by letter giving full details of age, experience, qualifications, etc., should be addressed to: **the General Secretary, USDAW, 188 Wilmslow Road, Manchester M14 6LJ** and marked **'Women's Officer'.**

Applications must be received by **Friday 28 June 1985.**

UNION OF SHOP, DISTRIBUTIVE AND ALLIED WORKERS

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR REPORTS

The magazine for international Labour movement news

requires a new

Full-Time Worker

to participate in the production, administration and further expansion of the magazine, and/or to contribute to our growing education and research work on international labour issues.

The job offers challenging and rewarding work in an expanding field for someone with commitment and experience within the labour movement or campaign organisations.

Salary **£8,000 pa.** Closing date for applications: **Friday 28 June.** Further details from **Mayday Publications Co-operative Ltd, 300 Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9NS,** or tel. **061-273 8717.**

ENGINEERING FOUNDRY AND CONSTRUCTION SECTION

AMALGAMATED UNION OF ENGINEERING WORKERS

A vacancy has arisen within the **Research Department** of the AUEW — Engineering Foundry and Construction Section at its General Office at Peckham. The successful applicant will contribute to the work of the department which is an essential part of the Union's service to members, shop stewards and full time officials. The duties will also include assisting the Education Administrator in the development of the Union's education service.

Applicants would be expected to have an appreciation and/or experience of the Labour and Trade Union Movement and preferably, possess an appropriate academic qualification.

Salary **£8,241 per annum** plus increments.
5 weeks plus 14 statutory days holiday.

Applications including C.V. should be sent to: **the General Secretary, AUEW — Engineering Foundry and Construction, 110 Peckham Road, LONDON SE15 5EL**

Closing date: **5 July, 1985.**

FIRST CLASS office staff can earn first class rates and holiday pay temping for Office Overload. Phone Lesley on 01-229 4915 Office Overload Agency.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone *Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy)*, Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

RESEARCHER

urgently needed by

CAMPAIGN FOR PRESS AND BROADCASTING FREEDOM

3 day week post for minimum 9 months, salary rate **£5,890 p.a.** Research includes media sexism and racism, public sector broadcasting, particularly in London.

CPBF is an equal opportunities and GLC funded employer. Job shares welcome. Ring **CPBF** urgently for application forms: **01-437 2795** at **9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG.** Closing date **21 June,** interviews **27/28 June.**

ABERDEEN UNEMPLOYMENT CENTRE

Requires three workers to operate as a team as follows:

ADMINISTRATION & INFORMATION

Responsible for all administration and information provision.

TWO DEVELOPMENT WORKERS

Responsible for general development work of the centre and outreach work in response to local needs.
One post to have a special interest in women's issues, the other in Welfare Rights.

All posts are funded initially for four years.

Salary **£8,532**

Closing date for applications **28 June.**

An equal opportunities employer

Job description and application forms are available from:
Department of Personnel & Management Services
St Nicholas House, Aberdeen. AB9 1AY
Tel. 0224 642121 ext. 354

FELLOWSHIPS

THE IZAAK WALTON KILLAM **POSTDOCTORAL FELLOWSHIPS** FOR 1986-87

Value
Fellowships valued at $22,500 (1985-86), plus travel allowances, are tenable for one year at Dalhousie University in most fields of study. Application for extensions may be considered.

Qualifications
Applicants should have recently completed a Ph.D. degree at a recognized university, or expect to obtain a degree before taking up an award.

Application
Application forms may be obtained by writing to:

The Office of the Dean
Faculty of Graduate Studies
Dalhousie University
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 4H6

The closing date for receipt of applications is 15 December 1985.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

PERSONAL

HAPPY NIGHTS snoring remedy. Certain relief, cure likely. Agbarne. Box (23)0952.

TWO FRENCH girls 16 & 17, want to au pair, July, same family. Flora Corelli, 3 Ambroise Croizat, 94400 Vitry, France.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

MUSIC THERAPY, LGSM. 01-373 7968 (Answerphone). Individual sessions. No previous musical skill required.

GROUPS

APPLEGAY, EUROPE'S largest association of intelligent gay men seeking friends/partners. For details write: Applegay, 51b Bavaria Road, London N19 4EU.

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COURSES

ART STUDY SPAIN – booking July. A dynamic 'live-in' art programme for beginners, advanced – drawing, painting, printmaking, Hatha Yoga – in converted Olive Mill, fabulous setting. Write including phone number: Rutherford, Canillas de Albaida, (Malaga), Spain.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers a unique educational and cultural experience. Expert tuition in the Italian language (all levels), the Florentine Renaissance, Mannerism & Baroque, Drawing & Water Colouring. Special 9 month 'A' Level courses in Italian and Art History. Splendid premises & library in historic centre. Accommodation arranged.

Prospectus from: **David Rundle, Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, Florence, Italy. Tel. 010-39 55 284 031.**

GENERAL SERVICES

AUDIO/COPY TYPING, word processing. Neat, efficient, competitive. Jenny Burke: 01-892 8929.

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

QUALITY WORD Processing: Letters, CVs, articles, reports, legal documents etc. No job is too small or large. Send details of requirements for return of post written quotation, to HPS Promotions, 6 Haytor Rise, Coventry.

THE TYPING POOL a women's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc. from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

TYPING on word-processor, all documents. For details 01-951 0627 evenings.

RATES & INFORMATION

Standard Rates: £9.80 per cm, £8.60 (charities) min. 3cms.

Linage: 40p per word

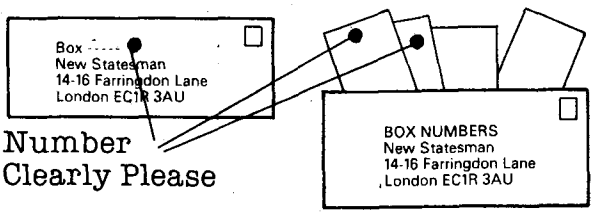
BOX NUMBERS £2.30

HEARTSEARCH / PURSUITS (see coupon) 25 words + Box £5.75, extra words 35p.

All the quoted rates include VAT. Linage ads **must** be **pre-paid.**

Reply to Box Nos as follows

One reply — Several replies (only stamp container envelope)



Number Clearly Please

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet of paper

Name: _____

Address: _____

No. of weeks: _____ Remittance £ _____

Or charge my Access/Visa/American Express

Card number: _____

AD for PURSUITS ☐ /HEARTSEARCH ☐ **(Please tick)**

Post Coupon to: **Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

LISTINGS

SAT 15 JUNE

BRENTFORD Fundraising social & barbecue 8pm 125 Windmill Rd. Adm. £2/£1 UB40. Food/drink. **Details: 01-572 3764 (day). Org. Hounslow Miners' Support Cttee.**

LONDON CND Spring Bazaar 11am-2pm St. Albans Church Hall, West Heath Dr., NW11. Plants, books, jumble: Offers Tim Walker 01-458 3360. **Org. CND/Ecology Party/UNA.**

BRIXTON 'From Brixton to Soweto – one struggle!' day event to mobilise support for Nat. Anti-Apartheid Demo. 12-4.30pm Brixton Centre, opp. St. Matthews Church. Exhibitions, video, food, crafts, workshops, music. **Org. S. London Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism! BM Box 4835, London, WC1.**

SUN 16 JUNE

LONDON National Demo against Apartheid. Assemble 12-1pm County Hall, York Rd, SE1. Rally 3pm Trafalgar Sq. **Org. AAM, 13 Mandela St, NW1. 01-387 7666.**

MON 17 JUNE

LONDON 'Need Socialism Lose Votes' Spkr. Mike Newman. 8pm Green Man, Berwick St, W1. **Org. Socialist Society, 9 Poland St, W1.**

LONDON 'Aids' discn. led by Jonathan Usher (St. Mary's Hosp.), Peter Freer (Contemp. Cultural Studies) 8pm Grafton Arms, Grafton Way, W1. **Org. BSSRS, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-437 2728.**

WED 19 JUNE

ACTON W. London NCCL 'Civil Rights' Rally with Tam Dalyell, Ivy Cameron, Keith Vaz. 7.45pm Acton Town Hall, High St, W3. **Sponsored by TGWU West London Cttee.**

THURS 20 JUNE

LONDON 'Male-Female Relationship' Spkr. Bridget Lee Young 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Adm. 75p (incl. refreshments at 7pm). **Org. Progressive League Women/Man Relationship Grp.**

LONDON 'Open Day' for adults seeking educational opportunities in S. London. 1pm-8pm Poly. of S. Bank, Wandsworth Rd, SW8. **Org. Open College of S. London 01-228 2015.**

LONDON 'Women & Drug Abuse' Spkrs. incl. Chris Smith MP, Lisa Power, Inner City Action on Drugs, Sarah Forester, Islington Drug Development. Info. on resource centres, tranquillizers, opiates, alchol, DHSS guide for parents. 7.30pm Sickett Court Community Centre, Essex Rd, N1. **Org. IS&F Labour Party Women's Section. Details: Tish 01-633 7840.**

LONDON 'Reverse the Gillick Ruling' Public Meeting 8pm Caldwell Hall, Caldwell St, SW8. **Org. Vauxhall Brnch. Communist Party.**

FRI 22 JUNE

LONDON Mozambique Festa to celebrate 10 yrs. of independence. 8pm-3am Africa Centre, 38 Kings St, WC2. Adm £4/£3 UB40 Proceeds to Water Pumps Campaign. **Org. Mozambique/Angola Cttee.**

SUN 23 JUNE

LONDON 'Say No to No Say for under 16s' – demo against The Gillick Ruling. Assemble 11am Lincolns Inn Fields (also for disabled transport and playbus). March to Jubilee Gardens for rally & entertainment. **Details & leaflets: WRRIC 01-251 6332/NAC 01-405 4801/ALRA 01-359 5200. Org. ALRA/A Woman's Right to Choose Campaign, 88A Islington High St, N1 8EG 01-359 5200.**

FORTHCOMING

24 JUNE LONDON Central London LAG Grp. meeting: 'Who will pay for the law centres?' 7pm Polytechnic of Central London, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

27 JUNE BRIXTON Margaret Becket MP & Alan Booth (CPAG) will spk. on Poverty and the Social Security Review. 7.30pm Brixton Recreation Centre. **Org. Marxism Today.**

28 JUNE LONDON 'Tomorrow's Parents, Yesterday's Values' Conf. on teenage sexuality. Workshops, video. 9.45am-4.30pm Queen Mary College, Mile End Rd, E1. **Org. Nat. Cncl. for One Parent Families, 255 Kentish Town Rd, NW5 2LX. 01-267 1361.**

29 JUNE LONDON Community Action against Racism meeting for parents, teachers, students with contributions from Drummond Parents Action Grp (Bradford) & William Patten Infants Sch. (Hackney). 3-6pm Grays Inn Resource Centre, 1A Rosebery Ave, EC1. Creche (Tel. 278 7856 in advance). Disabled access. **Org. All London Teachers Against Racism & Fascism, Panther Hs, Rm. 216, 38 Mount Pleasant, WC1X 0AP. 01-278 7856.**

1 JULY MOLESWORTH SE Region & London Region CND Day of Action & peace picnic. Meet 11.30am Cockbrook La. entrance. Bring food, drink, music, games. **Details: 0580 880805.**

3 JULY LONDON Ivan Illich will discuss The Side Effects of Compulsory Literacy 7pm St. Mark's Hall, Abercorn Pl. NW8. **Details: The Academic Inn 01-286 4366.**

3 JULY LONDON Public Enterprise Grp. AGM 7.30pm Friends Meeting Hs. 8 Hop Gardens (off St. Martins La.) WC2.

5-7 JULY BARNSLEY National Co-operative Gala. **Details: Milford Bateman, Barnsley Enterprise Centre, 1 Pontefract Rd, Barnsley, S. Yorkshire S71 1AJ. 0226 298091.**

6-7 JULY MANCHESTER Northern Women's Health Conference '85 at Manchester Polytechnic. Health Fair, Workshops, Social, Good access, creche, food & accomo. available. **Registration/details: C/O War on Want, 300 Oxford Rd, Manchester M13 9NF.**

12-14 JULY MANCHESTER Conf. of Socialist Economists AGM on the Service Economy at Manchester Polytechnic. Spkrs/workshops on welfare state, information technology, labour process. Accommo/creche available. **Details: CSE, 25 Horsell Rd, London, N5. 01-607 9615.**

14 JULY NOTTINGHAM 5th Annual Peace Festival 12-8pm Victoria Embankment. supported by 3rd World, Animal Liberation, Ecology grps. **Org. Nottingham CND, 14-18 St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market, Nottingham 581940.**

20 JULY GLASGOW Public meeting of Campaign against the Prevention of Terrorism Act. 11am. McLellan Galleries. Creche. **Details: W. of Scotland Campaign against PTA 041-332 1132.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Centre for Energy Studies

at the Polytechnic of the South Bank, London

"THE FUTURE OF THE ELECTRICITY SUPPLY INDUSTRY"

A Discussion Conference — **25/27 June 1985** at **the Polytechnic of the South Bank.**

Speakers include:

Philip Jones and **Ray Orson (Electricity Council), Lisa Rosenblum** (New York State Public Service Commission), **John Baker** (CEGB), **Peter Rost MP, Alex Henney, Rt Hon. David Howell MP, Peter Heathfield, Tony Benn MP, John Lyons, Jonathan Porritt, Richard Pryke.**

Further details from:

Chris Richards (Ms), Centre for Energy Studies, Polytechnic of the South Bank, Borough Road, London SE1.

Tel 01-928 8989 ext. 2399.

MEETINGS

FOURTEENTH CHORLEY Lecture. Professor Richard Abel will lecture on 'The Decline of Professionalism' Wednesday 26 June, 5.30 p.m. in the Founders Room, London School of Economics. Admission free without ticket.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 16 June 8 p.m. 'The Power of Altruism'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

SEMINAR

German Historical Institute, London

Tuesday 18 June 5 p.m.

Dr Kaspar von Greyerz (London)

Religion in Early Modern England and Germany: Some Comments on Autobiographical Evidence

17 Bloomsbury Square London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

BOOKS

GUILDHALL BOOKSHOP, York St, Twickenham. SW London's largest secondhand bookshop. Politics, sociology, psychology, theology, history, art, travel, literature, fiction, natural history. . . Personal callers only, Mon.-Sat. 10.00-5.30.

LEARNED, SCIENTIFIC & Art Journals and Reference Works wanted. Walter H. Gardner Ltd, Booksellers, 74-80 Stamford Hill, London N16. Tel. 01-806 1981.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

SECOND WOMAN for o/r mixed vegetarian, n/s communal house, N16. Tel. 01-254 8166.

WANTED

NIGERIAN PROFESSOR (Psychiatry) seeks London holiday accommodation August 1985. Contact: Adeyinka, 3/28 Parkhill Road, Shortlands, Bromley — Urgently!

HEARTSEARCH

AFFECTIONATE, LIVELY older woman graduate, many creative interests, seeks company of similar man 45-55, non-smoking, solvent, sense of humour essential, for thoughtful, loving relationship. Box (24)1007.

ARDENT, VIVACIOUS, attractive, Continental woman, 40s, arts and social interests, penchant for romanticism, taste for adventurous travels, liking for good food and wine, seeks sensitive and educated man for meaningful relationship. Any nationality. SW London/East Berks. Box (24)1001.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE LADY doctor, mid-thirties, seeks faithful, professional man, 40-50 years-old, with view to profound relationship. Box (24)0986.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, widow, mid-fifties, non-smoker, self-employed, likes the arts, countryside, travelling. Seeks reliable male companion, preferably Continental, with similar interests. Box (24)0982.

ATTRACTIVE, MIDDLE-AGED woman, wants to meet attractive, middle-aged London man, for cups of tea and one of the following: Paris week-end, inexpensive beach holiday, Orient Express. Box (24)0993.

ATTRACTIVE NOVELIST, socialist, Jewish, n/o, forties, seeks male partner, view love, marriage. Box (24)1010.

BOURNEMOUTH MAN (31), open-minded and caring, seeks lady with whom to share and to grow. Life's joys include: cycling, food and wine etc. Box (24)0999.

CREATIVE, SINCERE, purposeful man, 24, enjoying most aspects life, wishes to meet attractive, solvent, independent lady, with sense of humour, 20-35. Object: lasting friendship/relationship. Photo appreciated. Box (23)0954.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

FEMALE, EARLY 30s, tall, attractive, sensitive, professional, intelligent, interesting, living in London, would like to meet similar man, who has a sense of humour. Box (24)1006.

GENUINE MAN, 40s, needed by genuine woman, 40, for hopefully, creation of loving, lasting relationship. Arts interests. No philanderers, thanks. Cornwall. Box (24)1005.

LATE STARTER! Tall blonde Cambridge undergraduate, 35, seeks relationship with intelligent, sensitive man, with similar wry sense of humour. Fondness for women & children preferred. Box (24)1012.

LONDON BACHELOR, 27, teacher with wide interests, seeks warm female for loving relationship. Box (24)1003.

LONDON BASED. Attractive, University educated, professional woman, mid 40s, interested music, arts, travel, seeks University educated male, for developing relationship. Box (21)0877.

LONDON LADY, 31, affectionate, own career, separated, would like to share the good things in life, with genuine guy, 30s, interested in committed long-term relationship, possibly children. I'm CND, socialist, extremely attractive and your intellectual equal. Box (23)0960.

MALE, 27, non-materialistic, graduate, seeks female friend interested in literature, pop and soul music, must have sense of humour. Reading/London area. Box (23)0946.

MALE GRADUATE, 40s, London, seeks uninhibited, attractive SRN or similar for fun, friendship, relationship, and possibly start hostel venture together. Box (24)0981.

MALE GRADUATE, stranded in East Midlands/East Anglia, seeks female, unattached, 35-45ish, perferably slim and intelligent, to take him out of himself. Will answer all letters and return photos. Box (23)0948.

MAN, 53, good job but empty personal life, wishes to meet caring woman (40-55), who might be in similar position. London or South. Box (23)0973.

PROFESSIONAL CHINESE widower, 50s, having wide mid-brow interests, wishes to meet unattached, attractive lady, age unimportant, for friendship and fun. Preferably London-based. Box (24)0994.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, 30, very shy, gentle, nervous, seeks correspondence with similar male, for mutual support/care. Interests: walking, politics, CND, music, piano. N. Yorks. Box (24)1008.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, retired, non-smoker, contemplating Peking holiday via Trans-Siberian Railway seeks agreeable companion. Box (24)1000.

PROFESSIONAL, SOCIALIST, 34, starting again, affectionate, kind, generous, seeks similar or younger female, to share interest in travel, classical music and the future. Birmingham/anywhere. Box (23)0956.

SINGLE MAN, 50, easy-going type of person, interested in politics, Buddhism, the arts, seeks friendship, leading to a loving relationship, with lady in her forties or fifties. Box (24)1009.

SOCIALIST, CYCLIST, vegetarian male, 22, tall, slim, soon graduating, likes art, literature, theatre, cinema, wholefood, seeks unusual, attractive, socialist girl friend, 18-26, (with bicycle) for rich, rare, intimate relationship, London. Box (24)1011.

WELL EDUCATED, professional, kind and happy bachelor, from Middle East, aged 36, living permanently in England, seeks lady for friendship and marriage. Interests: travel, reading, cooking. Box (24)0992.

WOMAN, 37, lively-minded, individual, good-natured and analytical, wide interests, would like to meet affectionate, intelligent and enthusiastic man. West Yorkshire. Box (24)1002.

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ALL OVER THE WORLD
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CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

CONSERVATION VILLAGE on sunnier, unspoilt Almeria coast Spain — the **REAL** Spain. Luxurious apts from £14 per person per week. Brochure: tel. 0406 22800.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH: 7 August-8 September £500 only. Family house sleeps 5 or 6, to considerate book and cat loving family. Ring 01-794 3206 after 6 p.m.

EXMOUTH, DEVON. Clean, comfortable b. & b. near sea. £7-£10 per night. 0395 272074.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

PICK RASPBERRIES in Scotland mid July-mid August. Send large S.A.E. to VW1, 9 Park End Street, Oxford.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911.

LAKE GARDA, DOLOMITES, VENICE, COMO £125
24 Aug.-2 Sept., 31 Aug.-9 Sept., 7-16 Sept., 14-26 Sept, only £160 for 13 days.

YUGOSLAV RIVIERA £145 30 Sept.-12 Oct.

ALBANIA £220
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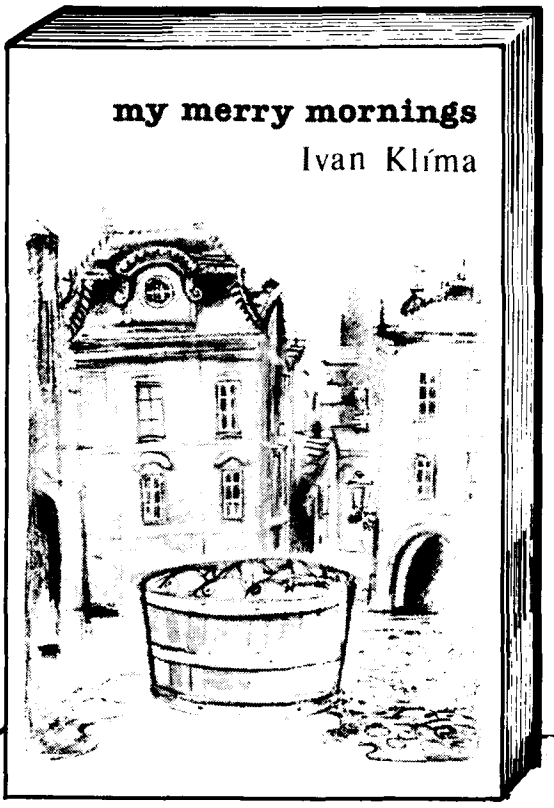

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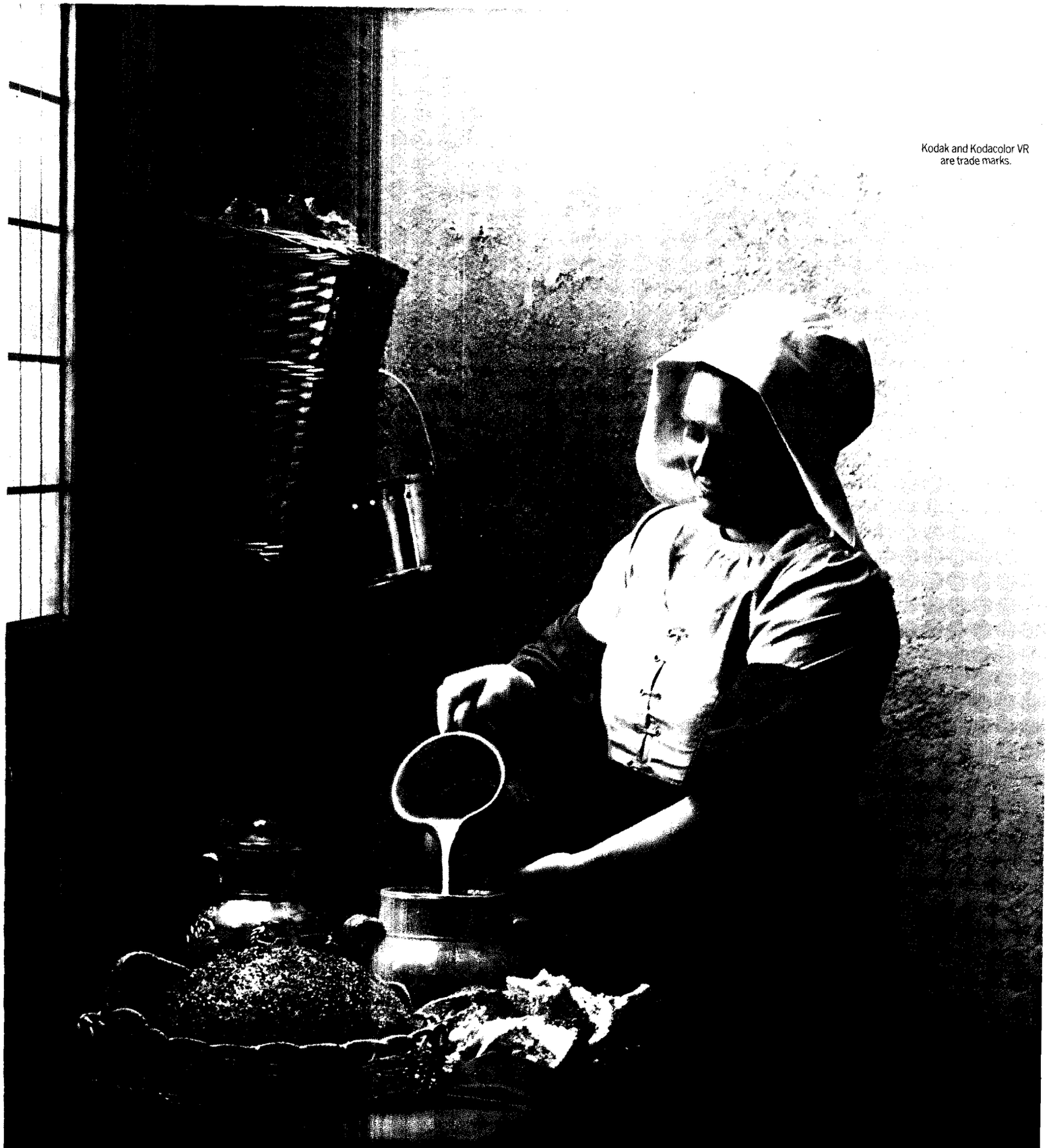

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